

# AMERICA

## A·CATHOLIC·REVIEW·OF·THE·WEEK

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## Chronicle

**Home News.**—On August 6, the German Government made a proposition to the Federal Farm Board, through the American State Department, to buy 600,000 bales of cotton on a three-year credit at four and one-half per cent, with an option on 200,000 additional bales. The purchase would be arranged on the basis of the monthly average price of cotton exchanges. The following day, the Farm Board rejected the German proposal but advanced an alternative one. This consisted in the offer to allow the payments to German nationals under awards for claims to pile up a large amount of dollar exchange so that purchases could be made directly from the producers. Later the German Government offered to buy 600,000 tons of wheat, about 22,000,000 bushels, if favorable terms were agreed upon. The idea was that the German farmers would be allowed to dispose of their holdings above those necessary to feed the country until spring. The loss taken by the Farm Board would be the spread between the price which they paid for wheat and the present agreed price. The German farmers would sell their wheat in the Baltic and Scandinavian countries.—The Farm Board, on August 17, issued an urgent appeal to the Governors of fourteen cotton States, urging them to plow under a large

part of this year's cotton crop in order to avoid "disaster." In return for destroying about 4,000,000 bales out of an estimated 15,000,000, the Farm Board would agree not to allow its stabilization corporation to sell before July 31, 1932. The Farm Board stated that its efforts had been "outweighed by continual excess production and continually increasing surplus."

On August 7, President Hoover declared that next winter's unemployment situation will be met by using the same methods which have been "successful" in the past.

On August 11 Senator Fess announced that a comprehensive and concrete program will be ready for Congress when it meets in December. The President opposed the calling of a new session, as demanded in many circles. Meanwhile, the President also announced that organizations had been completed in 227 cities by the Association of Community Chests and Councils. This association would seek to support its own unemployed without having recourse to the Federal Government. On August 8, the Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor declared for modification of the Volstead Act to allow wines and beers as a measure of helping the unemployed. At the same time it definitely opposed "the dole, or anything of the kind."

**Australia.**—On August 10, an act providing for the conversion of Australia's internal debt of \$2,750,000,000, went into effect. Holders of international and government obligations were asked to exchange, voluntarily, their securities drawing five and four-tenths per cent for new securities with a four-per-cent rate of interest. This conversion scheme was part of the financial rehabilitation plan adopted at the conference of the Federal Government, the Opposition parties and State Premiers in June. The conference was held on a non-partisan basis in an effort to prevent national bankruptcy. The only dissenting views were those expressed by the Premier of New South Wales, J. T. Lang, who, in the early part of the year, defaulted on the New South Wales' obligations. At the same conference, resolutions were adopted favoring a reduction on salaries, pensions and social services. Despite attempts at economy, the Commonwealth expenditures for July were about \$4,000,000 in excess of the receipts. In a further conference on August 11, the Premier established a permanent bureau of unemployment.

**Austria.**—The Vienna Socialist Municipality announced, August 8, that it would be forced to take further

measures of economy in regard to the wages of city employees. A step in this direction had been taken a few months ago when an agreement was reached with street-car operators to prolong their unpaid holidays in order to avoid a direct wage cut. Forced by the reduction of receipts from taxation and municipal enterprises, the municipality was trying to make similar arrangements with other city employees. The cut will principally affect extra-pay allowances.

**China.**—Shanghai dispatches announced that at the beginning of the month the revolt in northern China had collapsed, Mukden and Shansi forces having crushed Shih Yu-san's power. Some 45,000 of the soldiers out of an army of more than 63,000 were disarmed or absorbed into Government forces. Meanwhile Nanking successes were reported against Reds in various sectors, north and south. On the other hand floods in the Yangtse valley continued to cause a large loss of life and much property damage, cotton, wheat and rice crops being especially affected. Officials estimated that there were 250,000 refugees at Hankow. The Ministry of Industry reported 200,000,000 unemployed.

**Cuba.**—As a result of continued economic distress and political unrest for which the practical dictatorship of President Machado was held responsible, widespread revolutionary activities broke out throughout the island, forcing the Government to declare martial law. The revolt was instigated by the former revolutionary leader, General Machado, and a number of prominent Cubans. President Machado was firm in opposing efforts to compel his resignation, though there was evidence that the Government was seriously disturbed. Official announcement stated that the army was loyal and so long as the Government retained military control there was not much chance of the rebellion succeeding. Numerous encounters with rebels were reported and the outbreaks were followed by more than fifty casualties and many arrests. The objective of the rebels seemed to be to gain control of the lower three provinces of the island and then attempt to take the capital. It was assumed that the local revolutionaries were getting secret support in the United States, and color was given the surmise by the seizure by coast guardsmen in New Jersey of a number of Cubans, presumably attempting to gain contact with a "mother ship." In New York Dr. D. M. Capote announced himself as the chosen head of the revolutionary junta with the title Provisional President.

**Czechoslovakia.**—The news of the resignation on July 14, of Msgr. Francis Kordac, Archbishop of Prague and Primate of Bohemia, was received with general regrets.

His resignation was due to age and ill health, the Archbishop being eighty years of age. A Vicar Capitular was elected on July 13. Msgr. Kordac had been Archbishop of Prague

since September 16, 1919. Due to his character and great intellectual gifts, he was the recognized leader of the episcopacy in the Republic. His recent pronouncement on the world's economic problems drew favorable attention to him all over the world.

Before its summer adjournment the National Assembly passed a bill permitting Government guarantees, not exceeding a total of 600,000,000 crowns, for export credits.

For June, 1931, the foreign trade of the country showed a surplus of 59,000,000 crowns. Banking continued sound and largely untouched by recent financial difficulties in Germany, Austria and Hungary. The budget, however, was expected to close with a deficit of some 1,500,000,000 crowns. Cuts to the amount of about 600,000,000 crowns and new taxes were announced by the Minister of Finance. Through the Hoover moratorium Czechoslovakia obtained the postponement of payment to the amount of nearly 232,000,000 crowns.

**Germany.**—On August 6, the Prussian Government forced all papers to print an official manifesto condemning the referendum on the dissolution of the Prussian Diet.

It was the first time in the history of the German Republic that the Government actively participated in a political campaign. The referendum, which was sponsored by Fascists, Nationalists, and the Steel Helmet League, was an attempt to oust the Socialist-Democratic regime which had ruled Prussia since the Republic was established. Chancellor Bruening, as a private citizen, had already urged voters to remain away from the polls on the ground that this was no time for violent political disturbances. The Prussian Government took more or less the same stand in its manifesto. The Prussian Government's action in compelling the press to publish the manifesto caused widespread opposition. Opposition papers printed the manifesto accompanied by vitriolic comment. President Von Hindenburg, flooded with telegrams of protest, asked the Reich Government for a definition of the Federal decree which the Prussian Government made use of to force its will on the press. The decree, passed July 17, was originally intended to prevent the publishing of financial news of an alarmist nature when the crisis was at its height. Despite the fact, however, that the Government's action was expected to react against it, the referendum was defeated, August 9, with sixty per cent of the electorate abstaining, the opposition parties amassing only 10,000,000 out of the 13,500,000 votes needed to dissolve the Diet; 500,000 voted against the proposal. The same day, Berlin had one of its most serious riots in many years, in which thirteen were reported killed.

On August 7, the Government abolished the restrictions on foreign exchange which threatened to impede American imports of chemicals, textiles, and automobiles, and was greatly upsetting German industry. Hereafter, the Reichsbank will grant exchange freely for industrial purposes. To prevent the flight of capital, however, applicants for exchange must give a strict account of the purpose for which

#### Financial Situation

#### Prussian Plebiscite

#### Economic and Financial Notes

#### Government Successes and Reverses

#### Government Faces Revolt

#### Archbishop Kordac Resigns

they want it.—Another effort to help the economic situation was the offer, August 8, to buy 600,000 tons of American Farm Board wheat on long-term credit. The purchase of this wheat would enable German farmers to dispose of their present holdings for much-needed cash. The American wheat would be used to tide Germany over from the spring until the next harvest time. The German offer to buy Farm Board cotton had already been rejected.—The London experts made their report on the German financial situation, August 12. The Right papers immediately expressed their displeasure. According to them, the Young Plan would have to be revised before the year granted by the Hoover debt plan is finished, else the accumulated burdens imposed on Germany would vitiate the year's respite.—An official report, as of July 31, placed the total number of unemployed in Germany at 3,976,000. This was an increase of 20,000 since July 15.—A hopeful sign was the dropping of the discount rate from fifteen to ten per cent. The rate for collateral loans dropped to fifteen per cent.

**Great Britain.**—The Hoover plan for suspending international payments for one year was finally accepted in London on August 11 by the committee of experts appointed by Belgium, France, Great Britain, Germany, Italy and Japan. The Governments of Australia, Canada, Czechoslovakia, Greece, India, New Zealand, Portugal, Poland, Rumania and South Africa agreed to the recommendations. The conclusions were embodied in two documents: one containing the experts' recommendations and the other a protocol, or formal agreement. The former related to all payments, the latter only to German reparations payments. The protocol was signed by representatives of the interested Governments and became retroactive as of July 1, 1931. It is, however, conditional on acceptance by the legislative bodies of the different countries. It made all suspended payments unconditional obligations to be repaid over a ten-year period from July 1, 1933, at three per cent. The ten annual instalments were each divided into twelve monthly payments. A general Stock Exchange raise followed the signing of the protocol.

During the second week in August, there was a sudden drop of the pound sterling below foreign quotations. The exact cause remained a mystery. It was assumed that the slump was due to such general conditions as the decline in British competitive power and shrinkage of trade, and the unbalanced budget, joined to the world-wide depression. Nobody minimized the gravity of the crisis, nor the further instability that might be caused by the withdrawal of additional gold reserves from London. In the beginning of the month, the Government committee on national expenditure published its long-awaited report. This involved recommendations of drastic economies amounting to nearly £1,000,000 in the first year. The prime saving proposed was that from a reduction in unemployment-insurance payments; the recommendation called for a twenty-per-cent cut in the payments and a twenty-per-cent increase in the contributions of workers and employers to

the fund. The other savings were to be made from a reduction in the salaries of Government employees and of social services and educational grants. The report warned of a financial crisis of serious importance unless expenditures were ruthlessly reduced. This report, joined with the realization that Chancellor Snowden's plans for balancing the budget were not being realized, and with the sudden drop in the pound sterling, forced the Prime Minister and the Cabinet to suspend their vacations and hurry to London for conferences on the situation. Newspapers began a discussion of the possibilities of the formation of a coalition cabinet. A statement issuing from a Government source implied that a minority party, such as that supporting the Labor Government, could not take on the full responsibility for proposals, such as those recommended in the report, of such extreme reductions in expenditure.

**Hungary.**—On August 7 the Hungarian Government issued a special emergency regulation for the control of financial transactions with foreign countries. For the present, the export of Hungarian or foreign currency will be forbidden under certain exceptions. No exports of goods will be allowed unless the exporter deposits the value in foreign currency with the national bank. Long terms of imprisonment were fixed for violation of the regulation. According to a New York Times dispatch, the regulation was necessitated by the grave situation, which was not generally known because of a rigid censorship of the press. Hungary started negotiations for a loan in July because of the falling off of revenues and the difficulties of the Hungarian Credit Bank due to withdrawal of foreign credit. This loan had not yet been obtained. Food hoarding had begun in secret, and to add to the depression, Hungarian grain exporters, who were unable to sell abroad at figures below the world price for wheat, were in an almost hopeless situation.

**Italy.**—On August 7 Chancellor Bruening and Foreign Minister Curtius arrived at Rome for a two-day visit and a series of conferences with Premier Mussolini and Foreign Minister Grandi. As they stepped from the train, they were warmly welcomed by crowds that surrounded the railroad station, lined the streets leading to the hotel, and improvised enthusiastic demonstrations at each appearance of the visitors. Some four or five meetings between the statesmen followed, during which a close Italo-German collaboration on a number of international problems, but notably those relating to disarmament, was effected. Cooperation, peace, international good will, and world economic problems formed the theme of the private conversations and public speeches. At the official banquet given by the Italian Government to its guests, both the Premier and the Chancellor spoke strongly of the necessity of collaboration among all Governments to establish mutual trust and confidence which alone, they declared, could guarantee peace. In subsequent conversations with the Premier, Herr Bruening reviewed in detail the German position and Germany's reaction to the European situa-

Debt  
Protocol  
Signed

Restriction of  
Foreign Exchange

Bruening  
Visits Rome

Danger of  
Crisis

tion, explained his country's stand in the proposed Austro-German customs union, and stressed the possibility of close cooperation between Germany and Italy at next year's general conference on disarmament. Both visitors also paid their respects to the Pope during their stay in Rome. During a private audience, the Holy Father congratulated Herr Bruening on the cordial Vatican-German relations and commended the Chancellor's efforts toward peace. As the German statesmen left Rome, their visit concluded, the press announced that Premier Mussolini had accepted an invitation to visit Berlin, probably in September, there to continue the conversations and to work out details of a common disarmament program. Observers pointed out that though the political results of the meeting appeared most important, the four statesmen had also solved certain difficulties recently arisen between Italy and Germany in the economic field. German exports of coal to Italy had stopped with the cessation of the reparations payments, but the Italian Government agreed to continue their purchases. On the other hand, the Chancellor promised immediate removal of the recent German restrictions on the purchase of foreign currencies, a measure which proved very hard on the Italian fruit growers, since Germany is their best customer.

**Palestine.**—Though the Palestine Government refused to credit the fears of an Arab outbreak over the specific issue of establishing sealed armories for the Jews in the outlying districts, due precautions were taken by the police and military authorities. The Arabs continued their threats of a strike and public demonstrations. The Government forbade the holding of parades or other forms of protest. There was during the past month a more intensive anti-Jewish agitation on the part of the Arabs; this resulted in an increase of apprehension among the Jewish population, and in some localities there was almost panic.

**Russia.**—The Finance Commissariat announced on August 6 that the new State loan of 1,600,000,000 rubles had been oversubscribed in a month and a half. It would be extended to the "special maximum variant," set some weeks ago, of 1,750,000,000 rubles. The subscriptions to date, however, were only promises to buy shares. The actual payment would not begin until August 15. While the Soviet press was congratulating the nation on its achievements in output of oil, ore, etc., attention was being called both in the press and by foreign observers to the lack of managerial ability, necessary in order to achieve finished industrial production. In a speech on August 12 by V. E. Rudzutak, of the Communist party Politburo, stress was laid on the need of the working class creating its own higher technical intelligentsia. V. M. Molotov, chairman of the Council of People's Commissars, had declared that it would be necessary to establish labor discipline in Soviet industries.

**Spain.**—As the result of agitation by the Radical Socialist minority in the Cortes, the parliamentary com-

mission drawing up the new Spanish constitution decided, on August 6, to present a bill to the Assembly calling for the expulsion of the Religious Orders from the country and the confiscation of Church properties by the State. According to the press there are about 45,000 Religious men and women in Spain, distributed in 5,000 houses. Church property was valued by recorders at 70,000,000 pesetas, but in reality was worth much more. Under the proposed Article 14 not only would the Religious Orders be constitutionally dissolved and their convents, monasteries, and institutions confiscated, but all Church property would be nationalized. Aroused by this news, Catholic Spain prepared immediately to launch a vigorous campaign for the defeat of the proposal. On August 7, however, Jimenez de Asua, chairman of the committee drafting the Church statute, flatly denied that the committee had discussed any seizure of Church wealth. "If it is discussed," he said, "the Socialists will favor seizure. But I believe a majority of the committee will be opposed to it." Observers pointed out that this carefully worded statement, while denying discussion, did not deny the existence of the proposal of confiscation. Sr. Jimenez de Asua made no statement on the suppression of the Religious Orders.

**Reparations Question.**—The committee of ten on German credits organized through the Bank for International Settlements (World Bank) convened in the bank building at Basel on August 8 and unanimously elected as its chairman Albert H. Wiggin, chairman of the board of the Chase National Bank of New York. The committee planned first, to inquire into Germany's immediate credit needs; and second, to study the possibilities of converting part of the short-term German credits into long-term credits. A meeting of all the most interested parties was scheduled for August 14; and a virtual agreement on the terms of extension of the short-term credits was said to have been reached between New York and London, to whom about eighty per cent of the money is due.

The well-known physicist, Robert A. Millikan, was dubbed by President Hoover "one of America's leaders in philosophic thought." How much he deserves the appellation will be examined next week by R. Lawrence Davis in "A Leader of Philosophic Thought."

"Frenchie the Bus Driver," by Jay Macksey, is the story of a bus, a widow, a widower, a priest, a court house, and a church.

The old library section of the National Catholic Educational Association has become the Catholic Library Association. The genesis and progress of the young society will be ably told next week by William N. Stinson.

One of the classics of Spanish Literature is Fray Gerundio. His tale will be told next week by Irving T. McDonald in "The Story of a Bad, Bad Book."

#### Anti-Church Bill

#### Threats of Outbreak

#### Financing of Industry

# AMERICA

## A-CATHOLIC-REVIEW-OF-THE-WEEK

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### Unemployment and the State

A NEW commission has been appointed by the President to search into the causes of unemployment, and to suggest methods of removing them. As unemployment promises to become more acute before the end of the year, the commission cannot do much more than to put into effect certain building and other Federal programs, and it may not be able to do even that much.

The President, it is said, is extremely anxious to prevent the introduction of legislation which might lead to the enactment of a Federal dole, that is, distribution of money or supplies to the needy. The thinking part of the country shares that anxiety. There is no constitutional warrant whatever for Federal doles, but it would be fatal to consider that lack an effective bar against legislation. Of all weak defenses against any plan with a strong political support, the weakest is the fact that under the Constitution Congress has no right to adopt it. Precedent will suffice; and Congress has so frequently authorized appropriations for the relief of flood, fire, earthquake sufferers, and other unfortunates, that if one precedent does not fit, another will.

Bad as conditions now are, it is appalling to think what they would be under the dole system. The dole would necessitate a new kind of Federal tax, which means another burden to be shouldered by people who even now do not know where to find the money for rent and the grocer's bill. If the Government is to evolve into an institution for the direct support of some of its people, the money for this purpose must be found by the people at large, and most of it will come from the struggling, hard-working poor. The experiences of Great Britain should be a salutary warning, but they would probably go unheeded. Once established, bureaucracies strike deeper root in the United States and flourish more rankly than in other countries.

But the commission ought not to consider its work done

when it has blocked the dole. Something more constructive is called for. A mere commission could not apply a remedy, but it certainly should endeavor to find one, leaving the application to Congress.

Fundamental among the causes of unemployment, it seems to us, is the abuse in this country of the capitalistic system. Economic power, the result of wealth, needs to be curbed, as Pius XI teaches in his Labor Encyclical, so that all the children of men may share equitably in the fruits of the earth. In applying the check the authority of the State must be invoked, since of themselves the wage earners are powerless. Wealth is "concentrated in the hands of a few," the Pontiff writes, and not infrequently the power which it brings is exercised in a manner which reduces the man dependent upon wages to a status little above that of a serf. The few who can control the force and influence created by wealth "are able also to govern credit and to determine its allotment," writes Pius XI. Hence we have reached a stage at which the concentration of economic power in the hands of a few has become "the characteristic note of the modern economic order." As a result, "free competition is dead; economic dictatorship has taken its place."

Even were it practicable, the dole system would not strike at the heart of the evils which bind millions in this country in precarious dependence on employment. Until free competition, kept in bounds for all by the rules of justice and charity, is established, the evils which have engrafted themselves upon the economic order will continue to flourish. Let the Federal Government, through commissions or otherwise, study the problems boldly, and after the facts are known, simultaneous action in Congress and in the legislatures of the States, can apply the remedy. That remedy must needs be radical, for the evils are radical. It may involve a redistribution of the sources of wealth, and the enactment of measures to prevent them from flowing back to the control of the few. For the holders of great wealth, this may be a bitter draught, but better a bitter draught than Bolshevism.

### The Spirit of St. Francis

IT was most fitting that the national convention of the Third Order of St. Francis should be held in San Francisco, for in California, as the traveler soon discovers, the very railroad guides read like a litany of Franciscan saints. Every hill and valley is sanctified by the memory of the great Patriarch, and of his children who labored to make them fruitful unto God.

No better means of bringing the world back to the feet of Christ could be imagined, than the Religious Order whose purpose is to exemplify in the world the spirit of the Little Poor Man of Assisi. For today the world has gone mad in its quest for wealth, and in our own country we daily see the sad results. When men give their hearts to gold, there is no room in them for love of God and of God's children. Never satisfied with what has been acquired, they turn every energy to win more, and all means to this end become legitimate. Their poor brethren whose labor brings them only what is barely nec-

essary for existence, are used as mere machines for the heaping up of riches, and when the tools fall from their aged or feeble hands are cast aside like worn out factory equipment.

Forty years ago Leo XIII denounced the forces of wealth which put this degradation upon man, God's own image. But the same forces are today more powerful than ever, because we have not striven to cast into this world, like fire, the spirit of Our Lord Jesus Christ, and of His great servant, Francis of Assisi. We earnestly pray that the Third Order may increase in fervor and in numbers, and secure, for our country, as Archbishop Hanna has written, "that peace and blessing which the Poverello, more than any other since the Saviour Himself, brought into the world."

### What Are Schools For?

AMERICANS have the reputation of knowing what they want, and of always getting what they pay for. Hence since we spend more on our schools than any other people in the world, it might be taken for granted that we know what schools are for, and that we insist upon a fair return on the capital invested in them.

Yet that assumption would be rash. Some things about education we do know. We are aware that buildings are needed, and teachers, and, as a final element, pupils. These constitute the plant, as it were, the workers, and the raw material. To keep the plant in operation, we must supply administrators of various ranks, and plenty of money.

But at that we stop. We do not know what is to be made out of the raw materials on hand. Naturally, then, what directions should be given the teachers, and how they ought to be guided, checked, restrained, and energized, are all in the sealed books. Possibly our ignorance on these latter points would be all pure gain, were we content to withdraw, leaving the conduct of the education factory to the teachers. But that we are not willing to do. Not knowing what should be done, or how it should be done, we bind the workers with programs, syllabi, graphs, and other chains forged in the pedagogical shops. Only to the extent that they can throw off these shackles, can the workers make any progress at all.

Probably that estimate is exaggerated. But like a good caricature, it is based on a solid foundation of truth. Any student who will take the pains—and these may be severe—to examine a dozen current texts on the theory of education may conclude that it is not exaggerated at all. No two agree, even on fundamentals, yet all have their followers. They may conceive education as a process which consists in stuffing the mind, like a sausage skin, with scraps of information on topics ranging from astrology to zygmatism. Or they may regard it as a social scheme, under which the child forages for himself at his own sweet will, unchecked by academic or disciplinary codes. Meanwhile earnest teachers despair, and only by ignoring book theories attain that very moderate success which consists in keeping the illiteracy rate from rising.

By his current report Dr. William J. O'Shea, superintendent of schools in New York, is added to the number of those who have tried to answer the question. What-

ever may be thought of his solution, its clarity and definiteness cannot be doubted. Dr. O'Shea does not believe that the intellectual purpose "involving the imparting of information and the acquisition of skills" is the school's most important aim. Over-emphasis here, he asserts, "may bring about unsatisfactory educational results." And giving his answer a positive form, he concludes "I do not think there is a doubt about the importance of the development of moral character as the highest aim of the school."

We agree with Dr. O'Shea. At the same time, we confess to some curiosity as to the means which he proposes to use. It is obviously quite impossible to form moral character without reference to some moral code, and a moral code implies an objective standard and an ultimate sanction of right and wrong. Christians find the sanction of the moral law in Almighty God and the standard of right and wrong in natural and supernatural revelation. There are other standards and other sanctions; customs, usages, mores, statute law, and the rest; but they have no reference to an unchanging sanction and an objective standard. If these are Dr. O'Shea's guides in the formation of moral character, then he is simply sweeping along with the crowd and the day. Yet if he brings God and Revelation into the public-school class room, what answer will he have for those citizens who reject both God and Revelation? But if he does not bring them in, he is trying to do what Washington declared to be impossible, namely, to formulate a satisfactory moral code without basing it on religion.

We wish Dr. O'Shea all success. But he is trying to make bricks without straw. When the secular school put God out of the classroom, it also threw out the window the only moral code that can guide man aright. For that Dr. O'Shea is not to be blamed. But his system cannot escape condemnation.

### The New Marriage Code

NO longer does it shock us to read of a lady who, having discarded six husbands, is preparing to capture a seventh. It does not even surprise us to note that the press finds in these disgraceful happenings a ready theme for banter. As far as fidelity to the marriage bond is concerned, the American marriage code has fallen almost to the lowest depths.

It is indeed deplorable that the non-Catholic religious organizations are of so little aid in stemming this national disgrace. These, almost uniformly, agree to allow whatever the State allows, and to bless whatever can possibly be sanctioned by the secular State. In their eyes, the State can do no wrong, even when it permits a man to put away a wife at will, and take on a new partner. Many among the non-Catholic clergy refuse to officiate at these scandalous unions, it is true, and some of the churches even venture to deprecate them. But speaking generally, churches and clergy decline to ban what the State permits. The result is that in all the States, except South Carolina, divorce is increasing at a frightful rate. Since both the Protestant churches and the public schools oppose no obstacle, we may well ask how much farther we

must go before we reach the standards now acknowledged in Russia and in some parts of China.

By making marriage a purely secular contract, the religious revolt of the sixteenth century prepared for an age which makes marriage a mockery. Today it is not a binding contract, but an alliance that can be revoked at will. Men and women of this kind cannot build homes, the State's firmest prop. Our only hope for reform lies in the possibility that this shocking disrespect for marriage will go so far that, for the sake of elemental decency, the State legislatures will be forced to repeal, or at least amend, the legislation which at present actually encourages divorce.

### The Catholic Labor College

TWO young men, one from Guatemala, the other from Costa Rica, recently returned to their homes after a period of study in the United States. Their last year was spent in a labor college which is somewhat noted for its radical theories, where they were supported partly by scholarships, and partly by stipends, from their respective Governments. On their return, they are expected to work as "labor leaders," for one young man is a barber, and the other a carpenter.

We hope that these young men will lead labor in the right direction, but we seriously doubt it. With the end of the study reached, it is invariably found that all problems in social science have a moral basis, and when the leader has been trained to divorce life from religion and morals from programs, he will have little to offer that is of lasting value. The result is that he acquiesces in the worst excesses of capitalism, as is generally the case in the United States, or turns to an impossible program of violence.

But the incident once more raises the question of what we are planning at home to educate Catholic labor leaders. Our colleges do something when they teach a social science and technique founded on the principles set forth in such well-known documents as the Encyclicals of Leo XIII and Pius XI. Not many of our young collegians, it is true, will later develop into labor leaders; but they will at least be able to sympathize with all sane movements toward the solution of labor difficulties which chronically beset us, and so aid in laying a foundation on which permanent peace can be established.

Yet valuable as this education is, it falls short of what is sorely needed. Belgium, Holland, Germany, France, and England, have recognized that it is possible to take young workmen, train them in social science, history, religion, and philosophy, and send them back to the workers as real leaders. The work of the Catholic Labor College at Oxford under the leadership of the Rev. L. O'Hea, S.J., M.A., and the patronage of the Hierarchy, is already beginning to exercise a remarkable influence. Only in the United States has the movement failed to take root. Yet nowhere is it needed as much as in the United States.

The celebration at Rome last May, in connection with the fortieth anniversary of the Labor Encyclical of Leo XIII, threw into clear relief our shortcomings in this,

and in other respects. The representation from the United States, compared with that from other countries, was pitifully small, and it contained no delegate from the Catholic workers. The earnest effort made by our colleges and by the social service department of the N.C.W.C. to teach the principles of Catholic social action could be reported, but nothing could be said of a Catholic labor college, or of any purpose to found one, or of any fruitful leadership by Catholic workers.

Plainly, what we ought to do, and could do, to solve the problems of labor, many of which at this moment are a matter of life or death for thousands of wage earners, is not being done. As we remarked last April, when the delegates left for Rome, the best monument to Leo's Encyclical would be a Catholic labor college. Speeches and protests are all very well, but they serve merely to stir public interest and sympathy. But that interest and sympathy will remain words merely, unless conditions as they actually exist are dealt with by leaders trained in a Catholic labor college.

Which of our colleges or universities will win the honor of leading the way?

### Three Mayors Speak Out

ONCE upon a time the town mayor was second in dignity and importance only to the justice of the peace. When, as occasionally happened, the dignities of both enveloped the same individual, his glory was shaded by that of the Governor of the State alone.

But as towns turn into cities the Mayor and his dignity recede into the background. Commission forms of government have reduced him almost to the value of a cipher. We face the period when we shall choose our mayors for the cut of their coats, and the ease with which they wear spats. Yet now and then an exception arises to show that a man can be both a mayor and something more than a fashion plate.

Within the brief period of one month, three such exceptions have come before the public, two from Connecticut, Mayor Batterson of Hartford, and Mayor Tully of New Haven, along with one from New Jersey, Mayor Donnelly of Trenton. All rose into public notice because of their answer to Mayor Hoan of Milwaukee, who had invited the mayors of the United States to meet in conference for the purpose of finding a method of throwing poor relief on the Federal Government. Mayor Donnelly's answer is worth quoting.

I am irrevocably opposed to any invasion of State or community rights or privileges by the Federal Government. This nation has already suffered too much and too long from the pursuance of such a policy. The creation of bureaucracies is not an American idea.

While the idea may not have originated in America, the creation of bureaucracies is fast becoming an American custom. As the late Vice-President Marshall once remarked, the original American idea was that if every man kept his own house in order, we should enjoy peace and tranquillity in the community. Today the emphasis is shifted, and the theory is that every man's house should be kept in order by a political appointee at Washington.

# The Holiness of Mother Seton

PASCAL ROYAL

NO one can read, unmoved, the affecting story of the Setons in Italy, nor can one who has suffered remain indifferent to the crushing grief of a woman who had fought valiantly for the life of a loved one and had lost the fight. The sublime fortitude and resignation of Mrs. Seton awakened in those who stood by the tenderest compassion. The peculiarly sad circumstances of her bereavement in a foreign land, drew many to her side offering sympathy and assistance. Among these had come "the good old Capitano (from the Lazaretto) with a black crape on his hat and arm and such a look of sorrow," and the Fillicchis, arriving with a train of attendants, had, after the burial of Mr. Seton, taken the brave mother and weeping child to their beautiful country seat in the hills.

In his delightful novels of Italian life, Marion Crawford has given us the most interesting and charming details of the aristocracy of Italy. In their palatial homes, where domestic happiness was the rule rather than the exception, they carried on the traditions which had been jealously guarded for generations. They lived ceremoniously with a dignity which became their station, proud of their Catholic birthright for which their ancestors had shed their blood. From the day upon which they had laid their friend in the cemetery at Leghorn, the two Fillicchi families took the deepest interest in Mrs. Seton and her fatherless children, and to the day of Mrs. Seton's death, the name of Fillicchi was connected with every one of her good works.

Their Catholicism, as they expressed it in their daily lives, was a revelation to the lonely, thoughtful woman, seeking true consolation in prayer. She had never known Catholics in New York, as they were not recognized in fashionable circles. She was too well informed, however, not to know something of the history of the Catholic Church, too generous to deny that the Church had preserved the finer civilization through many centuries, in order that she, who was not of it, might have a share also in the glory of the arts and sciences. In her closeness to realities, she saw that it was through the allegiance of these great families to the Church and her doctrines that the real Italy, their beloved country, had been saved from mob violence and wholesale destruction during centuries of lawlessness.

The attractive holiness of the Fillicchis met a ready response in the ardent spirituality of Mrs. Seton, and in the "blessed places" to which they took her, she found rich and poor alike offering no apology for their outward expression of devotion. In the books which they gave her to read, "The Devout Life" ("to amuse you," Mr. Fillicchi had said) she drew a new friendliness and courage. Their own kindly ministrations brought tears of gratitude. "Oh, the patience and more than human kindness of these dear Fillicchis!" She was to test further their sincerity when in February she sailed for home "loaded with presents and blessings, with gold and pass-

ports" and an accident drove the vessel back to port again. "And imagine the rest, when our sweetest Anna, unable to hide her suffering, was found in a high fever, which the doctor pronounced scarlet . . . Well, . . . the hand of God is all I must see in this affair."

Her own illness followed Anna's convalescence. Lent had come around before she was well again. The Fillicchis' observance of Lent amazed her. Writing to Rebecca Seton she says: "Well, dear Mrs. Fillicchi never eats in this season of Lent until after the clock strikes three . . . she offers the pain of fasting for her sins—uniting this mortification with our Saviour's sufferings. I like that very much." One may readily believe that this wholesome Catholicism of the Fillicchis did as much as the penetrating beauty of the ritual in bringing Mrs. Seton into the Church.

The little party, sailing for home in April, under the guidance of Mr. Anthony Fillicchi, reached New York on the fourth of June—a sorrowful homecoming because of the serious illness of Rebecca Seton to whom Mrs. Seton always turned for counsel and encouragement, but a joyful reunion with the thoughtful children whose blinding tears spoke eloquently of their own great loss.

Rebecca Seton passed away early in July, and in the months which followed, discouragements without number crossed the path of the Seton family. Business matters were in such a desperate way that Mrs. Seton realized at once their hopelessness. Writing to her friend, Mrs. Scott, she breaks the news gently, "My husband has left his five darlings wholly dependent on the bounty of those who loved and respected him. Happily . . . he was entirely unconscious of the desperate state of his affairs and died quite happy in the idea that we would have a sufficiency when his books were cleared up."

Coincident with the material problems, was the surging sea of emotions within herself. Grave doubts assailed her concerning her religious beliefs, and the church in which she had been bred. She had been irresistibly drawn to the Catholic Church in Italy, yet she would not enter the Church until every doubt had been swept away. When she attended the Episcopal church she found herself sitting on the side which looked toward St. Peter's, "and twenty times found myself speaking to the Blessed Sacrament there." At evening prayers she taught the children the Hail Mary to please Anna, who had learned it from the Fillicchi children, arguing, silently, that if anyone is in Heaven, "HIS MOTHER is there." It was all so bewildering, to one who had lived so confidently, so trustingly.

Rumors of Mrs. Seton's "defection" having reached the inner circles of New York society, her relatives sought to dissuade her from her rashness. That Mrs. William Seton could even contemplate joining a Church in which the "offscourings" of the city mingled with the elect, filled them with horror. Out to the "small neat house,

half a mile from town," came old friends with such "droll invitations." Their hostess, with admirable patience, entertained every suggestion, wholly conscious of the delicate humor of the situation. "Oh do, dear soul, come and hear our J. Mason, and I am sure you will come to us." The lovable little Quaker, whom Mrs. Seton found so engaging, coaxed with the most "artless persuasion": "Betsy, I tell thee, thee had best come to us," and a "long-tried friend" warned her that she had penance enough without seeking it among the Catholics. Later, this "long-tried friend" left her wealth, intended for the Seton children, to someone else, that the world might know her stand on the question of Catholicism.

During this "painful state of transition from error to truth," Mrs. Seton suffered keenly in mind and body. "I see that faith is a gift of God," she wrote Mrs. Fillicchi, "to be diligently sought and earnestly desired, and I sigh to Him for it in silence. . . ." Then, one day, she walked fearlessly into St. Peter's on Barclay Street, that church "which has a cross on top instead of a weathercock" and in the little sacristy she made her Profession of Faith after Mass. Such ecstatic happiness she had never before experienced! "I felt as if my chains fell as those of St. Peter at the touch of the Divine Messenger."

Now, more than ever was she an outcast from family and friends—only thirty years old, with the world to face and five small children to provide for. Had it not been for these children, whom she loved so devotedly, she would have found peace in the convent, but her practical nature turned to teaching as a means of supporting her little household. So far as the children were concerned, they were ideally happy, in the possession of this most remarkable mother, who could rise above her circumstances. "You would not say we are unhappy," she explained to a friend, "for the mutual love with whom it is all seasonal, can only be enjoyed by those who have experienced our reverse, but we never give it a sigh. I play the piano in the evening for my children, and after they have danced themselves tired, we gather round the fire. . . . The neighbors' children, too, sometimes come in to hear our stories, sing our hymns, and say prayers with us."

If one characteristic more than another has endeared Mother Seton to the mothers of men, it is her absorbing love of these little souls entrusted to her care. She had mothered her young sisters-in-law, Cecilia and Harriet Seton, particularly since death had deprived them of the beloved Rebecca, but they had been removed from her "pernicious influence" since she had become a Catholic. In time, however, the lovely Cecilia entered the Church, only to suffer the refined persecution which Mrs. Seton had heroically endured. Harriet's conversion in later years on the mountainside brought indescribable joy to a small Sisterhood and strength to a glorious cause.

The Catholic life of Mrs. Seton has supernatural phases which defy human explanation. When one support was taken from her, another, more sturdy, replaced it. The loss of her fashionable friends was a gain of more stalwart adherents. Among those who came to her assistance

were the highest dignitaries of the Church: the "benignant" Bishop Carroll, who watched with such interest the career of the Seton boys at Georgetown; "the eloquent Cheverus," Bishop of Boston, who with Dr. Matignon conferred frequently with Mr. Fillicchi on his visits to Boston; the Abbé Tisserant, who wrote to Mrs. Seton in French; and the priests attached to St. Peter's. When Mrs. Seton proposed to take her children to Canada, where in a convent they would be protected from undesirable influences, it was Dr. Matignon who said, "you are destined, I think, for some great good in the United States, and here you should remain." Was it chance that sent Father Dubourg, president of St. Mary's College in Baltimore, to New York where he met Mrs. Seton at St. Peter's? Was it a casual suggestion of Father Dubourg that Mrs. Seton go to Baltimore to form a school for the purpose of religious instruction? Her culture and superior talents impressed him, yet he said, "we want example more than talents." In March, 1805, Mrs. Seton had come into the Church. Three years later she was leaving New York for Baltimore, the first step of that journey which was to end at Emmitsburg.

The romance of the founding of St. Joseph's is too well known for repetition. With it is connected the story of Harriet and Cecilia Seton, who had followed their beloved sister to Baltimore in search of health and freedom from restraint. That is how it happened that they were of the gay little party that set out for Emmitsburg on June 21, 1809 along with Mother Seton, Anna and Sister Maria Murphy. In her inimitable manner, Mother Seton adds piquancy to their trials:

We were obliged to walk the horses all the way and have walked ourselves—all except Cecilia—nearly half the time: this morning four miles before breakfast. The dear patient was greatly amused at the procession, and all the natives astonished as we went before the carriage. The dogs and pigs came out to meet us and the geese stretched their necks in mute demand, to know if we were any of their sort, to which we gave assent.

The dwelling on their own farm was not habitable, so the president of Mt. St. Mary's, Father Dubois, offered the Sisters the hospitality of a log house on the mountain, which Mother Seton accepted with warmest gratitude. Their own humble quarters down in the valley were ready a month later.

There is no more inspiring chapter in the history of the Catholic Church in America than that of the establishment of this Mother House of the Sisters of Charity in St. Joseph's Valley, Maryland. We are not concerned, however, with the colossal work of an illustrious Community whose humility hides its greatness. Looking into the dim past we are awed by the sweet simplicity and sublime sanctity of a noble woman who in every calling attained the perfection to which human nature may aspire in this world; a devoted daughter, a valiant wife and mother, and a Religious whose example of heroic virtue comes close to the everyday lives of other men and women.

In the room where Mother Seton died a tablet reminds us that "here, near this door, by this fireplace, on a poor lowly couch, died our cherished and saintly Mother Seton, on the fourth of January, 1821. She died in poverty, but rich in faith and good works. . . ."

## Chinese Catholic Social Action

JAMES F. KEARNEY, S.J.

IT need surprise no one to learn that the social question in China is not precisely the same as in Europe or America. The problem of the workingman, that is, of the factory worker, has only of recent years begun to assume anything like cardinal importance in this part of the Orient, for the simple reason that even today, of the approximately 485,000,000 Chinese, 350,000,000, according to some—about fifty-three per cent according to others—are still peasants. It is difficult to obtain precise figures, but there are probably some thirty millions of people other than farmers who might be counted among the working classes. Of this number scarcely more than two millions toil in the factory. And yet this comparatively insignificant group, as Father Bernard, S.J., of the "Hautes Etudes" at Tientsin points out, may be capable of exercising an influence out of all proportion to its number; for the Bolshevik theory has always been that the proletariat, the city workingman, must take the lead, and then the peasantry will fall in behind.

As a matter of fact, the Red menace at present comes from the interior of China and has already conquered the loyalty of whole districts of peasants; but whether China is ultimately to become Communistic or not, may depend on the two million factory workers largely concentrated in the great cities, such as Shanghai, Canton, Wusih.

We shall try to give a brief sketch of this group, and then speak of the Catholic solution as it may be applied to China.

China is sometimes called the "employers' paradise," for the labor here is unbelievably cheap. What is the condition of the factory worker? Despite notable exceptions, if we consult available statistics it is in general very bad. The ordinary working day is twelve hours, rarely eight, sometimes fourteen. At noon there is usually only one-half hour for rice. While some factories give Saturday afternoon and Sunday off each week, it must be remembered that the country is still largely pagan, and hence there is no such thing as a universal Sunday rest. The Tenth of October is a national free day, and there are a few others, from three to five, for instance, at the Chinese New Year, which the Government is now trying to abolish in favor of the Western New Year. Women workers, of whom there is an undue proportion, have in general even fewer holidays. Children under twelve years of age are often forced to follow the regular twelve- or fourteen-hour program, and that for the night shifts as well as day shifts.

At the instigation of the International Bureau of Labor, the Chinese Government, then at Peking, promulgated on March 29, 1923, a provisional regulation for the protection of workers in industrial establishments. Employers were forbidden to hire boys of less than ten and girls of less than twelve years of age for factory work. It limited the working day of youngsters under seventeen to eight

hours, and forbade them to be put on night shifts. However, as no official sanction was imposed and in the meantime civil war overthrew the Peking Government, these regulations can hardly be said to be in force today. The present National Government at Nanking between October, 1929, and March, 1930, passed a number of excellent laws insisting on an eight-hour day, the exclusion of children under fourteen from the factories, forbidding night labor for women and for children under sixteen, insisting on the sharing of profits, obligatory instruction of apprentices, etc., but as yet the Government has not sufficient authority to enforce such laws throughout the country.

For the most part the salaries seem to an American unbelievably small. They vary of course in different sections, but in 1927 at Canton the average monthly wage of a factory hand was seven Chinese dollars—the par value of which is less than one-half that of a United States dollar—while the maximum went up to fifteen dollars, very rarely to thirty-six dollars. The woman worker received one-half or two-thirds the wage of a man; though many young girls working for the British Cigaret Co., of Shanghai, make twenty dollars a month, equivalent to between four or five dollars in gold. According to the *Revue Internationale du Travail* for December 1924, children were frequently hired in the rural districts by giving two dollars a month to the parents for each child. The food and the lodging of these children were so poor that their factory life was little better than slavery.

Lest one should draw unwarranted conclusions from the above it must always be remembered that if wages are low, so are prices; and yet with the cost of living continually on the rise it is not to be wondered at that intelligent Chinese leaders should be anxious to remedy the situation in as far as possible.

Dr. Sun Yat-sen's famous "Economic Demism" has precisely for its aim the solution of the social question, and though he realized that the time had not come to solve it, because China had not as yet sufficiently developed industrially, still he looked forward to the day when his successors might seriously take up the task of solving it, and laid down principles according to which he believed it might be handled. In fact, when, in 1923, he gave his series of conferences on the peasants and laborers of Canton, the result was that more than 300 syndicates, or workingmen's associations, were formed in that place and 200 more in the nearby city of Hongkong. Unfortunately during the civil strife of the succeeding years the Communists exerted a strong influence over the workers, and these syndicates have in general become quite radical, even when not Communistic. According to official statistics in 1929 there were a total of 1,007 syndicates registered, representing 1,901,442 men.

If only two million laborers are represented it is evi-

dent that the vast army of labor in China is not at all well organized yet. The present syndicates have no very definite aim and no carefully thought-out program for collective action, because the very poor classes do not yet understand the meaning of a labor union. Yet the activities of these bodies are increasing year after year and are beginning to take on a greater and greater importance in the national life. For instance, the number of strikes during the past few years, for political reasons, for increase of wages, and sympathy strikes for discharged fellow-workmen is rather astounding, and in many cases far from praiseworthy. There is need of intelligent and high-principled leadership today in social questions above all.

According to the recent report of Justice Feetham, Shanghai is China's largest industrial center, fifty-three per cent of the total number of cotton textile spindles in China being situated here, while spinning, flour milling, and ship building likewise flourish. Moreover, it is still in its infancy as a manufacturing center, and so the local social question will become more and more pressing as time goes on. From here it may well be that the movement for a satisfactory solution may also come and local Catholic leaders are not overlooking the fact.

What, then, of the Catholic attitude in face of the labor situation in the Orient? Because of the peculiar circumstances here it must be confessed that Catholics are not nearly so far advanced as in Europe or America in this matter. The question of applying to China the fundamental principles of Leo XIII on the condition of the workingman by means of promoting Catholic economic associations came up at the great General Council of the Catholic Church in China at Shanghai in the year 1924. The principle of workingmen's associations was, of course, definitely approved, but it was decided that because of the troubled conditions at the time, a false beginning might bar the road for future social works.

Msgr. Auguste Haouisée, S.J., the new Vicar Apostolic of Nanking, believed that an important Catholic impetus could be given to the solution by joining actively in the world-wide commemoration of the Fortieth Anniversary of Leo XIII's labor encyclical. He wished that the Chinese Christians of the important industrial center of Shanghai, menaced by the dangers of Socialism and Communism, should be made familiar with the social doctrine of the Church.

The first meeting of the four-day celebration was held in the native Chinese city. It was a solemn affair, well attended, and destined solely for leading Catholic employers and factory superintendents. His Lordship in a stirring address first refuted the accusation that the Church is the enemy of the workingman, showing that it was precisely the Church which insisted on the application of the great principles of justice and charity upon which the solution of the social question in every country depends. After explaining to these Chinese employers the dignity of the worker and of work sanctified by Christ in person, and that if there was an inequality among the classes it was like the dignified inequality of various members of the human body, he warned his hearers above all to oppose the growing menace of Communism, pointing out Russia

herself as a sad example of the application of its false principles. He exhorted them to treat all their employees and servants in a truly Christian manner, giving them every opportunity for fulfilling their religious duties, even suggesting that the whole household, servants as well as members of the family, should come together for common prayer in the evening. To meet a crying local need, he urged likewise that a Catholic association be founded for little Christian apprentices who are obliged to work for pagans.

On the following afternoon a special session for female workers was held in the Catholic village of Zi-Ka-Wei, and before a large audience his Lordship explained how to sanctify one's labor by performing it in a spirit of faith, hope and charity, after the example of the Mother of God. Next day the workingmen in the same village were assembled, and he explained the true meaning of equality and inequality, the end and nature of their work, holding up Christ the Divine Workman, as their model.

The final exercises, open to the general public, were held on Sunday, May 17, in the great church at Zi-Ka-Wei. Four bishops from neighboring vicariates were present with Msgr. Haouisée in the sanctuary while the Rev. Paschal M. D'Elia, S.J., spoke of the nature of Christian work. He showed how labor was first intended as a Divine gift to man, then became after the Fall a punishment and a stimulus; that while despised by the pagans it had been restored by the "Word made a Workman." The laborer could thus be proud of having Jesus the toiler for a model and companion. The orator then dealt with the reciprocal rights and duties of employer and employee, the necessity even in China of the Sunday rest; of the important duty the workman had to labor honestly and conscientiously, and of the employer to give a salary which would permit the worker and his family to live decently.

The lamentable condition of many of the workers in China was emphasized, especially the impropriety of having women and children toiling long hours in the factory. Father d'Elia recalled also to the laborers that they must not waste their salary in gambling, to which there is a particular temptation here, but to think constantly of their family interests and provide for their own old age, for unexpected illness and the education of their children. Employers were shown how the family life of their employees would be seriously injured by forcing women and children to work at night. Both groups were finally exhorted to strive for a closer union instead of a separation of the classes, to help bring to this pagan land a truly Christian solution of the social question.

Many copies of Leo XIII's encyclical, translated into the vernacular, were distributed, and a message from Pope Pius XI, who sent his paternal benediction for all Chinese Christian workers, was delivered.

In the past the Catholic attitude towards the social question in China has been not so much theoretical as practical, consisting in building orphanages, old-age homes, and hospitals for the solace of innumerable human beings who would otherwise perish miserably. That may not be enough for the future. The gospel of Young China on the social question is the "Economic Demism" of Sun Yat-

sen, and his affirmations and conclusions, not really socialistic according to the intention of their author, must be interpreted in the Christian manner day in and day out, else they are liable to fall under the complete mastery of evil-minded men who will use them to spread a Communism which Dr. Sun did not at all intend.

Because of the small number of Catholic workers there is a particular difficulty here in forming Catholic syndicates. The principal work in the near future will be to make the wealthier Christians understand more and more clearly the duty they have of thinking of the needs of their neighbor. The traditional unity and discipline of Catholics should make it possible for them to give a definite Catholic interpretation to the principles of the Founder of the Chinese Republic, and by means of their Catholic Youth and Catholic Action organizations they should be able with time to elaborate a definite social program that will do credit to themselves, to their nation, and the universal Church to which they belong.

## Resting at Rio

OLIVER CLAXTON

PICTURES of Rio de Janeiro do not do the place justice—through no fault of the photographers. The city winds in and out and around hills and mountains and it is impossible to catch it all on one plate; consequently the impression abroad is that it is smaller than it is. The background of the town and the bay is entirely mountainous, mostly covered with heavy vegetation and frequently with granite tops. I'm not the boy to get the beauty of this or any other place down on paper. As a matter of fact I do not think color, and gradations of outline, and the shifting vistas of light and distance can be written down by anyone. Maybe I'm dull, but I have never read a description that gave me any feeling of actuality—with the possible exception of Dickens.

The main street of the city, the show street, is the Avenida Rio Branco. This is a wide affair well planted with trees down the center and along mosaic-designed side walks. It is lined with the best shops, restaurants fixed for eating out near the gutter, à la Paris, and innumerable little stores selling lottery tickets. It is equipped with traffic lights, policemen, beggars showing some good ripe wounds, and innumerable street cleaners hard at work. Along the bay and ocean front a fine landscaped street runs through a park and along a good clean beach. In New York the beach would be littered with grapefruit, newspapers, and bottles, and the shore edge of it would be a mass of hot dog stands, and concessions. Not in Rio, to the credit of whoever is responsible. The side streets are narrow, with tiny sidewalks, and automobiles passing are almost in your pocket. Throughout the place, however, are good wide avenues not as imposing as the Avenida but imposing enough. There are plenty of parks. The whole place is as clean as a whistle, although why whistles are so notoriously clean I have no idea. The wider streets have dinky trolley cars running along them towing even dinkier trailers for second-class passengers.

Most of the work, if you want to believe my slim

authority, is done by Portuguese, the Brazilian being indolent. By work I mean building, running trolley cars, policing, etc. Next to our rooms in the inevitable Hotel Palace the workmen went at their job with a vim at seven in the morning.

In the middle background of the town is a mountain known as Corcovado, alleged to be 2,100 feet high and surmounting it is a statue of Christ, now encased in scaffolding but shortly to be stripped clear. The figure is erect with arms outstretched to the sides, and the palms of the hands turned toward the city below. Some have carpied and maintained that the attitude is an unnatural one, but the semi-modernistic style of the statue makes it look all right to me. It is reached by a cogwheel railroad, and stands about 100 feet high. You can get to nearly the top of the mountain by a winding road that traverses the other hills and skitters along the water's edge. I knew the name of the road once but I have forgotten it.

I could fill you so full of statistics of Brazil that you would never read another word about the country, but I won't. In the first place I doubt the accuracy of the statistics, and in the second place they would bore you as much as they did me. Rio, for instance is placed at anywhere from a million to two million population. My guess would be about 1,200,000, but then I am no authority on judging the size of cities. Again, the country is engaged in whooping up the barbasco nut, a fruit that has everything but a soul, according to the publicity. It is food, fuel, medicine, plaything, and companion in your dark hours. It will lead Brazil to the golden goal of prosperity. It is also good for the liver.

The country at the moment is under a military dictatorship, and the governors seem to take their job very seriously. Various rumors are afoot as to what will happen. There will be a revolution almost at once; there will be a dictatorship; there will be a civil war and the northern tropical States will split off from the south where the nuts come from; there will be this and that, but for Heaven's sake don't talk about it. My researches were balked in the most part by people who were afraid that the walls had ears and that they would be clapped into jail—an extraordinarily filthy place on the word of a photographer who spent a few days in it. Everybody exhorted me not to quote him, one man warned me not to use the word *revolution* even if I was speaking English, another refused to tell me anything because he said someone might overhear him, and a press correspondent said that even he could not write the story of Brazil. These people all seemed to be serious, and living with a definite fear of something, but just what I can't tell you. I don't know. In the meanwhile business from the outside is skittish and the milrei declines in value. The Americano, on the observation of one who really knows nothing about it, seems to have worked himself into a ludicrous and undignified position. He seems to feel that American citizenship is no particular bulwark against overstuffed authority.

Personally I liked the town and had a fine time. I went one night to a theater and watched a musical comedy

which seems to be the only form of play. The orchestra was exceedingly loud, and tore its lungs out on some Brazilian pieces and a rendition of "I Can't Give You Anything But Love," that fine old American classic. Later I hove into a night club which is stationed in a government building in the middle of a beautiful park. You pay five mil reis at the door, get frisked by a policeman to see if you are carrying a gun, and watch the boys and girls go through the maxixe and the tango. The maxixe is the national dance and you would think it immoral if I described it to you, but as matter of fact it is good, clean, and very graceful fun. The tango is not the athletic affair it is in the movies and in the New York ballrooms.

Other things transpire in Rio: on Sunday military units composed mostly of bands wander around in beautiful uniforms and enliven the scene; the firemen wear helmets like the old French cuirasse, and look very snappy indeed; the police are unobtrusive, but effective; taxis are cheap and are just plain touring cars, with many of them the more expensive American makes; living expenses are low due to depressed exchange, but for the inhabitants who live to a standard it is about the same as in any large American city; in Brazil to express the feeling that something is simply splendid you grasp the right ear with the left hand by way of the back of the head or vice versa. Cross my heart. It may be the same in Portugal, but I hope not. A martini cocktail is any mixture that occurs to the bartender when you order it. I once ordered a martini and got a whiskey soda, but there may have been a misunderstanding that time—I am given to

understand that the morals of the place are atrocious; but I wouldn't know for sure and if I did I wouldn't admit it. I have my responsibilities.

One fine morning we hopped out before the dawn to fly down to Santos and Sao Paulo (and let me tell you, pronouncing the "ao" in Brazil is as pretty a job as you can put your tongue to) and get pictures of the coffee plantations. There is a great deal of mystery as to the whereabouts of the coffee plantations and only after much searching around could we find a man who knew where they were. Anyway, with the dawn came a fog and we cruised the harbor looking for a hole to get up through. Finally we found one and popped into the clear sky. All below, the bay and city was covered with the dainty white cloud and rearing out of it were the granite tops of the mountain all gold in the coming sun. Things broke clear as we got down the coast and we flew along big hills covered with green vegetation and fitted at the base with great rocks or stretches of clear white beach. Santos harbor consists of a narrow river lined with boats from all over the world. We arrived in sunlight but as we refueled for the hop up to Sao Paulo clouds began clustering on the tops of the mountains and soon banked up and settled down to a fog and rain. We remained in Santos until the afternoon looking at the city, which is large and busy, and going to a hotel that would be a wow in Atlantic City. At three o'clock we took off for Rio through the fog which stayed with us most of the way. As dark came we landed.

And so to Buenos Aires by boat.

## The Pride Fault of St. Lateerin

CATHAL O'BYRNE

LONG ago it was, in the days before the advent of motor busses and automobiles, that the Wanderer found himself, on a day of soft rain, in Cullen village in the County of Cork. Tramping around the four green shores of Erin, the Wanderer was in quest of any odd scraps of folklore or fragmentary snatches of old songs and ballads that might chance, with great good fortune, to come his way.

The mist that all day long had capped the high blue hills, with the setting of the sun came rolling down the valleys in a haze of gray rain. And far from being arrogant or unkindly was the same rain. Indeed, it might be said of it that it was an insinuating, not to say apologetic, sort of rain. As the dew on a spider's web it lay like silver gauze on the woolly texture of the Wanderer's homespun coat. It found its way up his sleeves and into his shoes in the most guileless fashion. It trickled over the crown of his soft felt hat, and hung in a row of seed pearls from its turned down brim. And all this, you'll be minding, in the most unaffected and modest fashion.

Now, in Ireland, especially on a soft day, the village smithy is the natural caravansary of all Wanderers who leave the highways for love of the legends, and a scrap of news from the big world outside is the unfailing "open

sesame" to the shelter of its roof, and the surety of a welcome to the warm corner by its glowing fire.

But Cullen village, as the Wanderer soon learned, does not boast a smithy, and an Irish village without a smith's shop—well, there ought to be a reason, and seated on a rustic seat under a great elm tree, by the lee side of an old stone wall which was a hanging garden of brown mosses and pale green lichens, little seeding ferns and wind-sown grasses, from the lips of a little gray weazened man with sea-blue eyes, and a face like a wrinkled russet apple, the Wanderer heard the reason—and a story.

"And you tell me there is no forge in this village." The Wanderer's voice as he asks the question still keeps something of his first surprise and not a little disappointment.

"Oh, never a forge within the four walls of Cullen, and better still, there never was one within the memory of man, sir," the little man answers, adding: "And 'tis far and very far you must have come to this place not to be knowing that."

"But Cullen is a busy enough place, surely," the Wanderer insists. "You have a church and a school, and a public house and shops, and you'll have a market day, betimes, I'm thinking, when the country people in their painted carts come in to do their marketing."

"'Tis true for you, sir," the little man answers smilingly. "But all the same, we haven't a forge, and what's more, we never will have one."

"Well, then, there must be a reason." The Wanderer scents a story, and his voice is eager.

"Ay, there is a reason, sir, a good reason, and that's the story," the little man says, putting his arms across his chest and hugging himself, his sea-blue eyes twinkling merrily the while.

"A story! What story?" the Wanderer cries, gripping the old man's arm, and pulling him nearer on the seat, as if to take him to his heart then and there.

"The story of the Curse of St. Lateerin. Would you like to hear it?"

"Oh, my warm blessing on the road that brought me over to Cullen, and my seven thousand blessings on the rain that sent me to shelter on the seat beside you this day," the Wanderer cries, settling himself back on the rustic bench and stretching his arms the full length of its gnarled rail.

Outside the circle of the sheltering elm boughs the gray mist on the road is like rain on a grey rock, but on the rustic seat under the mossy stone wall the old man and the Wanderer are snug and dry and comfortable.

"And, so, you would like to hear the story, sir?" the old man asks.

"As a child is sure of its mother, so sure is your story of a welcome this minute," the Wanderer answers heartily.

"Well, then, do you see that thorn bush in the meadow beyond?" As the old man asks the question he points a lean finger across the road to where on the meadow's edge a great white thorn bush gleams, a shadowy wraith, through the mist.

"My eyesight is good, thank God," the Wanderer answers. "'Tis well I see it, and a beautiful bush it is, all adroop with its plumes of fragrant blossom."

"Well, sir, that bush is beside St. Lateerin's Well, and long ago, when churches and monasteries, ay, and saints, too, were as plentiful in Ireland as blackberries in the hedges at harvest time, there were three sisters lived in this part of the country. Children of the same father and mother they were, but they didn't live together. The eldest lived at Kilmeen, the other at Drumtariff, and Lateerin here at Cullen. In a little weeshy cell she lived, where you see the old walls of the church over there, and her business, night and day, was to be praying to the good God, and consorting with His people—the angels, you know, sir—and curing all the sick that were brought to the Holy Well, from the four quarters of the world. That well, they say, sprung up in a single night for the good Saint's use, and 'tis said of it that there isn't sweeter or better water on any inch of Ireland's ground.

"The three sisters used to visit each other regularly every week, and St. Lateerin, although she fasted herself, would always cook a little bite of something for them after their journey, for, you know, sir, hospitality is a great virtue and gets a great reward. So, as I'm telling you, although the Saint never lighted a spark of fire for herself, when her sisters came to visit her, she would go to the smith's forge, which must have been somewhere

beyond in the village there, and bring the seed of the fire in a fold of her mantle to her little cell.

"Now, sir, as the story goes, the Saint went barefooted always, winter and summer, and, 'tis said, beautiful little feet she had, too. But, of course, the Saint never gave a thought to such things, or to the beauty of her body in any shape or form. How-and-ever, the Saint's feet were beautiful, according to all accounts, and, of course, the smith couldn't help but notice them. One day he stood watching her as she came through the meadow to his door, her white feet gliding through the green grass like little silver trout through the green waters of the sea, and as the Saint put the living coal in the fold of her mantle, as usual, the smith said 'What beautiful little white feet you have, Lateerin.'

"The poor Saint who, as I told you, never in the whole course of her life, gave a thought to her beauty before, looked down to see if what the blacksmith said was true, when, all of a sudden, her mantle caught fire and flamed about her like a blaze of whins you would burn of an autumn evening. Now, the strange thing is, sir, that the fire didn't do hurt or harm to Lateerin in any one way, but in her grief and lamentation for her little fault of pride, she prayed that Cullen might never have a smith to put temptation in the way of an innocent person again, and, although many's the one has tried it, no blacksmith could ever flourish here, for no iron would redden in this village from that day to this. No, not for all the coals in Cork nor all the smith's bellows in Munster. And that's the story, sir."

"And a thousand thanks to you for it." The Wanderer's gratitude is honest and open-hearted. "A fine story it is."

"You'll be making for the town of Kilmeen before the night falls?" the old man asks, looking at the leaden sky.

"I will then, that or another town, 'tis equal with me where the night will find me," the Wanderer, being a true wanderer, assures him.

"Well, if it is to Kilmeen you're going, you'll be traveling the fine paved road that 'tis said the angels made, so that when they went visiting one another, the bare feet of St. Lateerin and her sisters would be saved from the thorny brakes and quagmires and the stony places."

"How many miles would you call it?" the Wanderer asks, shouldering his knapsack.

"'Tis every inch of ten miles," the old man answers. "But you'll be having the fine paved road with you all the way. Myself, I'm going to Drumtariff, so I think I'll be making the road short. There won't be many dry hours this day."

"Well, good-bye and good luck, and many thanks for your story." The old man grips heartily the Wanderer's outstretched hand.

"Sure, 'tis thanking me for nothing at all you are. Good-bye and good luck to yourself, and may the road prosper with you."

At that word the old man sets his face to the dim, wet highway, and when at the hawthorn bush of St. Lateerin's Well, the Wanderer looks back again, the little gray figure has faded, almost imperceptibly into the steel-gray haze of the rain-swept Irish landscape.

## Education

### What Catholic Educators May Forget

JOHN LAFARGE, S.J.

IN a preceding discussion I undertook to show how the logic of the Bolsheviks in relating all the studies and activities of their pupils to what they conceive as the main purpose of life—which is to realize the perverted Bolshevik ideal—shows the anomaly of submitting Catholic youth, who learn from their Faith the main purpose of life, to the secular-college system of education. For our secular colleges are casting about to see if there is any purpose in life to which anything can be related; not to speak of college studies.

In other words, are we prepared to relate the education of our youth as definitely and concretely to our Catholic life program as the Bolsheviks are actually relating the education of *their* youth to *their* program? If not, we shall infallibly go under in spiritual competition with them; or at least with those who exercise such logic; for it is educational policy that controls the future generation.

Where instruction in some specific subject is needed, where such instruction is provided by secular and definitely not obtainable in Catholic institutions, the Church makes provision, under proper safeguards, for the Catholic young man to avail himself of such special opportunity. Most parents, however, who send their children to secular colleges—apart from professional or technical courses—are not governed by such a consideration. Indeed they are perfectly willing, in many cases, to yield the palm to the Catholic school for scholastic excellence. The point actually raised, though it may be expressed in many ways, is not that of definitely appreciable benefit; but merely that of personal convenience: the pupil's or his family's.

"My boy," the Catholic parent will earnestly explain, "wants to be with the Tiptoe University crowd. I admit that nothing can be brought against the boys of St. Cosmas College which cannot be urged against the Tiptovians. There are doubtless scholars and gentlemen at St. Cosmas, and there are cads at Tiptoe. But it just does not suit Frank and his pals.

"Then you know," the parent will doubtless continue, "what can we do when Frank brings his college friends home in vacation? Judge Rumsey and his girls would die of horror if they find their beloved Frank has abandoned Tiptoe, and opted for a Catholic institution called St. Cosmas. If Frank doesn't graduate from Tiptoe, he will receive a cold stare when he presents himself at Judge Rumsey's office; and all the interest that the Judge's cousin, Dr. Rumsey Hopkins, has been showing to our Frank ever since he vaccinated him will vanish. We have to face the facts." But these "facts," when boiled down, do not mean facts of life, in its fundamentals; nor facts of knowledge or of character. They are just what has been said: facts of convenience. Convenience, not principle is thereby made to override the main purpose of life; and for their sake the boy is defrauded of that which is his inherent right: an education "wholly directed to his last end"; to use the words of Pius XI.

Many of us forget, however, that if we wish to discount the excuses based merely on motives of convenience, as presented in the case of boys from what are commonly called the more privileged classes, we can hardly avail ourselves of the same excuses as a reason for excluding Catholic youths whom many teachers might instinctively prefer to have elsewhere. We know how highly unwelcome we make ourselves when we point out to delinquent Catholic parents the illogical sort of reasoning they indulge in. Do we not give as equally cold a welcome to the luckless wight who undertakes, be it ever so tactfully, to remind us of our own inconsistency; to point out to us that Catholic educational authorities, in this country, are in many instances using the same false argument of convenience as a reason for excluding the students of inconvenient races from their benefits?

Precisely the same grounds are alleged in this instance as in that: the convenience of the pupil; and the convenience of the pupil's family or friends. To spare the susceptibility of some of our readers, let us refer to these unwanted races as Melanians. In case a Melanian, duly qualified by educational credits and character references, presents himself at the Dean's office, and is recognized as a Melanian—for the one does not necessarily follow from the other—the first consideration that is apt to be raised is: "When the other pupils behold a Melanian among them, they will incontinently flee." If we proceed to inquire why they must at once flee, the answer is given not that the students of St. Cosmas fear violence or harm from the peaceable Melanian; not that he interferes with their scholastic pursuits or corrupts their morals; nor that his political opinions need clash with their party loyalties—Melanians have long since ceased to swear allegiance to the G. O. P.—but simply because the students of St. Cosmas College find inconvenient the presence among them of a person with Melanian affiliations. Which means that for these students, in the scheme of education to which their hearts and minds are consecrated, which is hallowed by the Sacraments and centered in the Living Presence in the Tabernacle, the matter of personal convenience is officially recognized as overriding the main purpose of all their education, which is the service of God and worthy association with their fellow-man.

Further inquiry among the students, however, not infrequently reveals that, far from being disturbed by the presence of a person with a congenital sunburn, they themselves may even relish his company. And youth, too, is apt to take for granted what their elders and preceptors take for granted. The inconvenience, then, of the boys' families has to be alleged, who will agonize if it is revealed that their sensitive progeny, whose mental environment at the movies or on the speedway causes no one any concern, is found sitting during some scholastic hour in the same class-room with a Melanian. Or else the alumni come into the picture. How can they safeguard their publicity campaign if it is generally known that a Melanian haunts the corridors or the laboratories of Alma Mater? But the same principle, or lack of principle, underlies all varieties of excuses.

The reader will doubtless ask: to what extent are such

excuses actually alleged? That they *are* thus alleged, is a matter of abundant record. It would be invidious to go further, and speculate as to the number of institutions that do, or might, indulge in them. Some definite information, however, may be welcome as to a number of Catholic colleges where no pretext is cooked up for refusing a Catholic education to any qualified Catholic youth, whatever be the accident of his race.

In January of this year this writer sent a question-card to such Catholic colleges and universities as he judged might have applications from young colored men as day pupils; and where no legal obstacle would interfere with their admission, such as exists in some Southern States. Two questions were asked: How many colored students in the college departments? How many in other departments? All replied, at once, but one; and all replies, be it noted, were prompt and courteous.

Out of eighteen colleges and universities written to, eight reported the presence of colored students in the college departments, and one in the preparatory college high school. Two of these were non-Jesuit schools; the remaining seven (plus one) were Jesuit institutions. None of the others reported any exclusion of colored students; so that in their instance lack of applications might be presumed. Indeed, one of them stated definitely (the one that had the solitary preparatory-school pupil) that there had been no further applications. One of the eight took also colored nuns for summer-school courses. Another, which was not written to, since it was known not to receive colored students, has nevertheless made an exception in the case of colored nuns.

The total of colored young men in the Catholic colleges referred to was seventy-two. The writer will gladly give further details to any inquirer.

One important consideration, apart from many others, flows from these answers. It is encouraging to know that there are at least nine or ten Catholic schools of higher education in this country—and I am sure there are quite a number of others—who can avoid the charge that they are not practicing what they preach. They can ask worldly parents who urge their own social prejudices as an excuse for neglecting their duty to educate their children in Catholic schools, to sacrifice these idle prejudices. These colleges can do this, because they themselves are willing to make some sacrifice of their own convenience for the sake of Catholic principle.

At Loyola University in Chicago there are thirty colored Catholic students; and Chicago is a city where the relations between the races have been, in recent years, fairly tense. One of these students, Aloysius O. Morrison, recently won a straight A in all six college studies, one of only three students in more than 600 who were equally successful. His perfect attendance probably gives him even first place. Do Morrison's fellow-students think themselves the losers by such competition? And is Loyola a loser, or a gainer, by being able to declare in the national educational forum that it is a *Catholic* college in the fullest sense of the word? What is said of Loyola applies to Duquesne, Villanova, Creighton, Marquette, and others on the roll of honor.

## Sociology

### The Church and the Fascist Party

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

THE world still awaits a rejoinder from the Government of Italy to the Encyclical of June 29. A series of "observations," some insolent, some irrelevant and others divorced from objective fact, have been issued by the Directorate; but to suppose that this paper is intended as a rejoinder of which the Vatican City can properly take cognizance, is to credit the Duce with a lower degree of acumen and political intelligence than is warranted by his career. It is quite possible that the observations of the Directorate, like other documents proceeding from the same source, were intended for home consumption; more specifically, as a sop to the left wing of the party which now and then flutters ominously.

Our own belief is that while Mussolini will find a direct rejoinder inadvisable, he will soon come to terms with the Holy See. He dare not take open issue with the Encyclical of June 29, unless he is certain that he can force it to an unmistakable triumph—and he lacks that certainty. Failure at this juncture might mean rout. On the other hand, he cannot question the principles asserted by the Holy Father, without treason to the very tradition on which he has sought to stabilize the results of his revolution. As the Rev. Wilfrid Parsons, S.J., points out in an article in *Atlantica* for July, Mussolini "never intended the Fascist Revolution to be anything else than founded on the Catholic tradition," and in evidence Father Parsons appeals to the Duce's policies which led to the Treaty with the Vatican State and the subsequent Concordat. In consequence, writes Father Parsons, "The Italian State, particularly in its legal dispositions concerning education and marriage, is definitely a State founded on Catholic principles."

In the meantime, however, Mussolini's silence leads to some curious results. Some of our own politicians (Clay, for instance, and Webster, to cite no more recent examples) in the course of their long careers have been found in various camps, and just for that reason fell short of statesmanship. Mussolini too has visited in his day, but now is he asked by some of his partisans to kick away the ladder on which he has risen to supreme place. As he hesitates, or appears to hesitate, he is hailed as a blood brother by many who invariably claim kinship with any man who, in what does them lame service for judgment, attacks the Pope. Judged by his career, Mussolini would disavow the claim with some heat. Again, his silence permits the attribution to him of principles which are either doubtfully his, or which he would admit only in a Pickwickian sense, with no intention whatever of making them the basis of a program.

To a certain extent, even in spite of the rigid censorship, these results have followed in Italy. They have certainly been noted in the United States. Pictured by the press alternately with a pitchfork and a halo, Mussolini remains something of a mystery, even to many willing to swear by, or, as the case may be, to swear at, him. Thus

in the issue of the *Atlantica* referred to, side by side with a discussion by the Rev. Wilfrid Parsons, S.J., on "What Is Catholic Action?" the reader may find a discussion on "The Education of the Young," by Giovanni Schiavo, Gilder Fellow in International Law at Columbia University. Father Parsons shows clearly, it seems to me, that there is no essential incompatibility between the full exercise of its powers by the Italian State, and the complete functioning of the Italian Catholic Action (*Azione Cattolica Italiana*). This compatibility is conditioned, it need hardly be said, on the faithful observance of the forty-third article of the Concordat which recognizes Catholic Action and its purpose, "the diffusion and realization," under the jurisdiction and guidance of the Hierarchy, "of Catholic principles."

This view, however, is not accepted by Mr. Schiavo. In calm and temperate language, he endeavors to show from certain public utterances by Mussolini that the Duce never intended this article to be used as sanction for the withdrawal from his complete control, of any group of any kind whatsoever. Such, possibly, may have been the mind of Mussolini. But it was not the mind registered and approved by the signatories of the documents which form the treaty and the Concordat. This, I think, can be easily shown.

It may be admitted that "according to international law all pronouncements, notes, and, in general, all understandings preceding the signing of a treaty are as binding as any part of the treaty itself." Yet it does not follow that the statements cited from Mussolini by Mr. Schiavo, and in particular Mussolini's speech in the Senate on May 13, 1929, possess this binding force. We regret that the speech is not at hand, yet even as quoted by Mr. Schiavo, in the article under review, it is too narrow a premise for so general a conclusion.

The point which Mussolini treated in this address was the dispute which arose over the boy scouts, "the solution of which you know." But Mussolini also knew that when under protest and for the sake of a greater benefit Pius XI yielded a minor point, he most certainly did not concede the major issue of State absolutism in education or in any other field. It is quite true that with an audacious disregard for Catholic principles Mussolini before (and after) the treaty and the Concordat, occasionally proclaimed what differs little, if at all, from an Omnipotent State. But it is equally true that as often as Catholic principles and man's dignity as a child of God were attacked, the Pontiff followed with a disavowal, a condemnation, and a rebuke. It is impossible, then, to admit that the claims of Mussolini, destructive of the rights of the Church and of the individual, can constitute an "understanding . . . as binding as any part of the treaty itself." Silence may give consent, but protest bars it.

What can be conceded, however, is that Mr. Schiavo shows discordance between the official statements of the Holy See and counterstatements made by Mussolini. That is an easy task, especially since the Encyclical of June 29. Nor has he any difficulty in marking the discordance between Catholic Action, in its proper sense, and the extremes to which certain programs of the party were car-

ried in some parts of Italy, either with or without the cognizance of the Duce. Nevertheless I am unable to follow his contention that there can be no compatibility between the Fascist party as such and the Church. "To allow Catholic doctrine on economic and social questions to prevail in Italy," writes Mr. Schiavo, "would be tantamount for the Fascists to destroying their past work and their plans for the future."

Mr. Schiavo once more fails, it seems to me, to distinguish between the doctrines of the party and the practices, or statements, of some of its members. What the Holy Father condemns are the outrages which the Government was at no pains to suppress, and which, in many instances, if not generally, were engineered by men wearing the party's official insignia. As already noted, he likewise condemned statements made by Mussolini with regard to education, and other works falling within the jurisdiction of the Church. But this is certainly not condemnation of the party itself. All obscurity on that point has been dissipated by the plain statement of the Pope in the Encyclical on June 29. To suppose that the Holy Father is indifferent to the rights of the Church is, of course, absurd. It is no less absurd to assume that he does not know what rights of the Church are in peril, and from whom. Yet he specifically declares that he does not condemn the Fascist party, as such.

With everything We have said up to the present, We have not said that We wish to condemn the party as such. We have intended to point out and to condemn *that much in the program and in the action of the party* which We have seen and have understood to be contrary to Catholic doctrine and Catholic practice. . . . (Italics inserted.)

So sure, indeed, is the Pontiff's grasp on the whole situation in Italy, with all its implications, that he can write, referring to the Fascist regime, "We shall remember with an enduring gratitude what has been done in Italy for the welfare of religion." Plainly, then, Pius XI finds no reason why the Church and the State cannot work together in harmony, maintaining their respective sovereignties, with the Church exercising as always her influence in social and economic matters. If Mr. Schiavo is right, the Pope is wrong; but with all respect for the Columbia Fellow, I prefer the Pope's estimate of the Fascist party.

The pompous and dangerous dogmatic pronouncements by Fascist leaders on religion as well as on government, and the outrages perpetrated by members of the party against the rights of the Church and of the individual (who is a man before he is a citizen) are utterly at variance with the fundamental principles of the Fascist revolution. That, to quote Father Parsons again, was never intended to be anything else than founded on Catholic tradition. The movement can be separated, as Pius XI observes, from its excesses and its absurdities. The party can yet return to its pristine spirit which found in finest victory in the settlement of the Roman Question. Reform, still possible, must be initiated, otherwise, the new and glorious Italy of the party's happier dreams can never take its place among the nations. For to rule a Catholic people by anti-Catholic statutes is to court not failure but ruin.

### With Scrip and Staff

THE trouble may be, I thought, that we lack sympathetic understanding for those social types idly branded as criminals. With this in mind, I summoned my Research Secretary, Miss Lulua Shell Boggs, who had just returned from the Northfield Conference, and suggested that she interview Mr. Jake ("Guts") Emerald with a view towards forming a constructive interpretation of his social adjustments. "Mr. Emerald," I explained, "is in town just now, as a guest of the Government, and doubtless feels that he is misunderstood."

"Delighted," replied Miss Boggs. "I look upon this not only as a service, but as a privileged opportunity. Something tells me that it will be a blessed occasion." Gathering up her notebooks she was on her way before I could remind her not to forget her median tables.

What was my surprise when she burst into my office, but three hours later, with the exclamation: "I just could not wait until tomorrow morning to present my preliminary summing up. It was too heavenly; too inspiring! Do let me give you a taste of what I have experienced." And in a few minutes she launched on her narrative.

"My very first sight of Mr. Emerald," she began, "showed me how woefully he was misconceived by our silly, bourgeois critics. Most people, of course, would imagine him with hoofs and horns: crouching terribly in a corner, ready to leap at every intruder. Instead of that, I found just a thin man who stood up when I came in; dressed in exactly the same kind of neat blue business suit that might be worn by Owen D. Young or Vice-President Curtis; and he shook my hand."

"Actually shook your hand?" I exclaimed.

"Shook my hand!" she repeated. "Can a man be a criminal who shakes your hand?"

"More than that," she continued. "There was not a sign of beer in the room. 'What do you drink on a hot day?' I asked Mr. Emerald. 'Water,' he answered. I grasped his hand again; his emotion must have reacted to the intensity of my own, for he said nothing."

"But there's more coming," panted Miss Boggs, and turned on the electric fan; which, as if in suspense, buzzed first at her, and then at me. "Do you know he likes roses? There was a ROSE in a glass of water on the table, and he told me that he *grew that rose*. Has society the right to persecute a man who grows roses?"

"Lulua," I replied, "you have insight. Let's hear more."

"Well," she continued, "I came to the point at once. 'Mr. Emerald,' I observed, 'my visit to you has already shown me that the outside world has a completely false picture of your situation. It imagines you as a wild man, with a schooner of beer in one hand and a machine gun in the other. That's all propaganda. It is paid propaganda. Those things are said by people who have never interviewed you. Editorials are written about gangsters by editors who never talked with a gangster, and hence cannot see their point of view.' 'I am not a gangster,' he interposed, 'I'm a benefactor.' 'Precisely,' I replied, 'that's what I'm coming to. It's just because I feel that you are so enormously sound and wholesome in your outlook; so

gigantically social-minded, that I want to ask you this one little question. Mr. Emerald, aren't you in earnest?' And what do you suppose the dear man said?"

"Come across," I murmured.

"'Absolutely, ma'am: I'm in dead earnest.' As soon as he made that great admission, I felt that my path was clear."

"'Mr. Emerald,' I continued, 'when a man, or a group, or a nation is *in earnest*, I feel that they ought to be allowed to work out their own salvation. I feel that the rest of the world ought to stand aside, and bide a while, till they finish doing what they are so earnest about. For life is earnestness. Isn't that right, Mr. Emerald?'"

"'That's my idea,' he replied. 'All I want is to be left alone.'"

"'And that means that you want liberty to pursue your great experiment. For it is an experiment, isn't it? Isn't it all a big adventure? Aren't the Catskills for you a social laboratory? Don't you want society to ferment?'"

"'Ferment's the word,' he answered. 'Get everything fermenting.'"

"'And isn't the roughness, that the critics so grieve over, just part of that great fermentation? There's a dialectic of life, Mr. Emerald, and shooting and beer runnings are part of that dialectic, even though they do seem shocking to those who are hopelessly wedded to conventional forms.'"

"'That's a new idea of things,' he answered. 'I never thought of all that.'"

"'Of course not,' I added immediately. 'You were busy living the life: you were too busy being a living syllogism—'"

"'A livin' WHAT?' That seemed to alarm him. But I quieted him at once; and returned to the main point."

"'Mr. Emerald,' I said, 'when you asked people to take your beer, did you ask them to take it for their own good, or for yours?'"

"'Sure as I'm sitting here,' he replied—and there was conviction in his voice—I asked them to take it for their own good. I told them that it was healthier for them to take it than to leave it go.'"

"'You were really a campaigner for public health, weren't you?' His eyes lighted. 'Sure, I brought health into Browne County. And those as didn't take my beer was unhealthy.'"

"'You believed in giving everyone just what he needed?'"

"'Just what he needed'; he repeated the very words."

"'And you asked them to *like it* for their own good!'"

"'Well, what's the harm in that?' he asked."

"'None at all,' I hastened to reassure him. 'I'm just captured with your social daring. And I'm contrasting it with our own petty, outworn ways of acting. There's my Aunt Julia who wants me to admire her garden just because she thinks it's attractive. And there was your great countryman, the composer Rossini—Mr. Emerald bowed his head—who grieved nearly to death when his guests didn't like the way he prepared his salad. And as for violence—aren't we violent, too? Look at your other great countryman, Signor Toscanini, who broke his baton in pieces the other day because the orchestra played out

of tune. Your plan is rather to bring people right into tune, isn't it, Mr. Emerald?"

"Yes'm," he replied. "I make 'em harmonize right then and there."

"But Lulua," I interposed, "didn't you do a little more investigation of his system? You could hardly prepare a graph from all that."

Extracting a few memoranda from her brief case, she complied at once with my request.

"It is really wonderful," she murmured, "what that man's genius has devised. Did you know that he has established a scheme of cerevcenters—"

"What kind of centers?"

"Cerevcenters; from the Latin *cerevisium* meaning beer: *cerev* sounds more international. These are strategic spots for intensive socialization. Those who refuse to frequent the cerevcenters are called *scorps* (from scorpion), and are to be ruthlessly exterminated by a campaign of descorpization of the Catskill sector. And his admirers are actually organizing the Young Descorpiators."

"Are the cerevcenters known?" I inquired.

"They are made public only by judicial dialectic," she replied, with a look more knowing than Lulua ordinarily wears. "If you will glance at the court proceedings for August 5, you will find that judicial dialectic induced a 'blond and ruddy-faced gentleman,' after spending some minutes in thought, to give the following list which might or might not correspond to Mr. Emerald's cerevcenters:

"Sam White's at Oak Hill; Village Inn, East Durham; Dizzy Club, East Durham; Tommy Quinn's, East Durham; Pine Grove House in Cairo; a place on the hill in Cairo, I don't remember the name; Shad's Hotel in Cairo; Slippery Rock in Leeds; Phelan's in Leeds; Mike McCabe's in Leeds; Guthrie's at Green Lake; Salisbury House in Catskill; Smith House, Catskill; Castle Brothers, Catskill; Scale's, Catskill; Shield's in Catskill; Costello's in Coxsackie; Dolan's, Coxsackie; Cobblestone Inn, Coxsackie; Jerry's in Climax."

"And are any scorps left after all this?" I inquired.

"Only 167," she replied; "on July 4 they comprised only .2666892 per cent of the total population of the descorpization sector; which from now on is to be known as Cerevkill. But I mustn't go into details in my preliminary verbal report. I simply want to tell you my parting message from Mr. Emerald."

"Mr. Emerald," I urged, "I look forward to the day when I can return with a really receptive group and study your methods at closer hand. But there is a parting message that I should like to bring. It is suggested by the words spoken at the Northfield Conference on August 7, by the Rev. Dr. Joseph A. Hutton, in his talk on Russia. 'Lenin,' said Dr. Hutton, 'tried to get 150,000,000 people to believe in themselves.' Now the way Lenin did that was by making those 150,000,000 people believe in Lenin; and that was because he believed, oh so much, in himself. Now what would *you* do, Mr. Emerald, if you met someone who wouldn't believe in you, say a scorp on a motor cycle in the Cerevkill sector; how would you treat him?"

"He'd gotta believe in me," replied Mr. Emerald. "I'd put him on the spot."

"So in our last analysis, Mr. Emerald, your message is one of faith, is it not?—faith in the great Process as revealed in you?"

"Yes, ma'am," were his parting words, "they gotta have faith in me." Wasn't *that* worth an investigation?"

"Miss Boggs," I replied, in measured tones, "your career is made. Your destiny is to quit my antiquated routine and become research secretary of the Hands-off Guts Emerald Association. Let me not impede the dialectic. The major premise was your just-finished discourse. The minor will be a blue slip in tomorrow's mail. The conclusion will be your departure for an indefinitely prolonged vacation at the Dizzy Club in Cerevkill." And I sadly turned off the electric fan. THE PILGRIM.

#### FRAGMENT 52

*I know not what to do; I am in two minds.*—Sappho.

I know not what to do. How should I know,  
Treading the tangled ways my mind would go?

Is it for Phaon's passion that I long?  
Is it for joy the loveliness of song?

My heart cries out for fame,—for Phaon's kiss.  
Fame or a lover's love,—which shall I miss?

What should I do? My trembling lips can find  
No final word in my divided mind.

Love is a flower that thrives when rains are warm;  
Fame's bloom grows hardy in the lashing storm.

Which should I cherish, and which thrust aside,—  
Love's blood-red roses, song's fair bloom of pride?

What shall I do with heart and brain afire?  
How shall I know the worth of each desire?

Why should I hesitate and falter? Why?  
Question what clouds may scurry through the sky?  
J. R. N. MAXWELL, S.J.

#### WORD MAGIC

The words you say turn back the years as though  
You thumbed the pages of a well known book.  
What magic in your voice that we can go  
Down garden paths that are no more and look  
And things that have been gone for many years!  
We wake the hollyhocks from endless sleep  
And look upon their crimson gowns, and then  
The mignonette appears  
With fragrant dreaminess, and lilies keep  
Their flaming glory as they live again.

Your words unlatch a garden gate, and we  
Can stroll together for a golden hour  
Where none can follow. We alone can see  
A vanished garden that is still in flower.  
We listen to the footsteps of the dreams  
We thought were dead and gone. However small  
The entrance to the past, we hold the keys.  
Beneath your words there seems  
A tone of wistfulness, but after all  
The years were kind to leave us memories.

GERTRUDE RYDER BENNETT.

## Literature

### The Rock of Willa Cather

FRANCIS TALBOT, S.J.

FIFTY-FOUR years ago, if not less, Willa Sibert Cather opened her eyes on the world, in that part of it known as Virginia. She came to parents whose parents and parents' parents were Virginia farmers and who came from English, Irish and Alsatian stock. She was reared in old Virginia until she was eight and then she was transported to a ranch near Red Cloud in Nebraska. From this transference, she began to be known as a Westerner, and as such lauded.

The people of Nebraska were not like those of Virginia. They were more interesting to this sensitive little girl who, says a biographical sketch, "did not go to school" but "had a pony and spent her time riding about the country." She became friends with Swedes, Danes, Norwegians, Bohemians, Germans, Russians, French Canadians, and probably, though it is not mentioned, with Americans. She liked to hear their language and about their customs. "Naturally," says the biographical sketch, "she found something to think about." No doubt but that her experiences and her observations of those later immigrants gave her imagination a definite turn towards the earlier pioneers.

"All the while that she was racing about over the country by day," continues the serious sketch issued by the publisher, "Willa Cather was reading at night." She read aloud the English Classics to her two grandmothers, and she learned Latin early and read it easily. After her high-school course in Red Cloud and her graduation, at nineteen, from the University of Nebraska, she taught school and wrote for newspapers in Pittsburgh. During these few years, she made faithful pilgrimages each summer back to Nebraska and Colorado and Wyoming. She loves the great open spaces of the level plains, and makes no secret of it. "That love of great spaces, of rolling open country like the sea,—it's the grand passion of my life. I've tried for years to get over it. I've stopped trying. It's incurable."

While living in Pittsburgh, and even before that, she was seriously studying how to write well, and was having some success with her experiments. She gathered her poems into a book which she called "April Twilights" and had it published, as many other unknown poets, by Richard G. Badger, of Boston. That was in 1903, and a year later she offered a book of short stories, "The Troll Garden," to S. S. McClure. He read the manuscript, telegraphed the author to come to New York for a conference, published some of her stories in *McClure's Magazine* and all of them in book form. Two years later, she joined the editorial staff of *McClure's*, and two years still later she became Managing Editor, and four years later, in 1912, she wrote her first novel and abandoned editorial work.

Since "Alexander's Bridge" in 1912, she has been writing novels and short stories at irregular intervals. There were "O Pioneers" in 1913, "The Song of the

Lark," 1915, "My Antonia," 1918, and some new stories under the title of "Youth and the Bright Medusa," in 1920. Thus far, her work was respected. After she won the Pulitzer Prize in 1922, with her "One of Ours," her books were eulogized. "A Lost Lady," published in 1923, was highly featured, "The Professor's House," in 1925, was overpraised, and "My Mortal Enemy," in 1926, was hailed as an important book of the year.

And then, in 1927, she wrote "Death Comes for the Archbishop." By that time she was assured of a first-page or a double-columned head for the review of any book in most literary or semi-literate periodicals. Now, four years later, without any new publications intervening, she receives, as a matter of course, the front page and the feature position in all periodicals that specialize or dabble in literature. "Shadows on the Rock," published this August, has probably received more attention during these past few weeks than any book of the year through the months of it that have passed.

It is quite evident that Willa Cather is an American favorite. The pack of critics and the horde of readers accept her books as ones that cannot safely be treated with disdain or even with mild reproach. She would seem to have no public enemies, no backbiters, belittlers, scoffers or disillusionists among editors and reviewers. As for the ordinary reader who is at all aware of contemporary comparative-literature, he would merely state, with reservations, that he liked one book less than another but not that he disliked any one book in particular.

This high regard and general respect for Miss Cather is not hard to understand. In life, she looks and speaks kindly, sympathetically and unostentatiously. Her photographs, even the line-drawings of her, are impressive because of their absence of attempted-impressiveness. Obviously, she prefers to look just like herself. There is something placid and peaceful about them, something almost old-fashioned without being dull or stupid, something of seriousness and sincerity and contentment and peace. In a word, they show simplicity. And that is gratifyingly pleasant to contemplate after viewing photographs and drawings of writers who, almost always, try to create the impression that they are beautiful or handsome, as the gender may be, vivacious and intelligent and keen and vital.

These qualities of sanity and naturalness that appear in her and her representations are evident in her writings. She has mastered, at least, and probably is endowed with, the fine art of sobriety in word. In these her maturer years she never violates economy of phrase or of development, she is never over-emphatic, never gaudy, always concise and subdued. The marvel is that in an age as preposterously loud and bizarre as this, such a quiet writer should be praised so loudly. It may be that she is a relief, much as Calvin Coolidge is.

With an equipment of such qualities as have been mentioned, it would be quite logical to conclude that Miss Cather's novels contained nothing that would startle the tender sensibilities of the most prudish. That conclusion cannot stand against the facts. In her earlier books she tells of violations of the Ten Commandments. Her plots

are built on them and her smaller themes include them as motivating elements. Unlike her famous contemporaries, she does not love sin for its own sake, nor does she portray it because it is glamorous. She takes it as a fact of life, which it is, as truly as virtue is a fact of life. She assumes it as an integral part of the story that she is relating, or as an incident or a habit in the life of the character that she is depicting. She offends, therefore, those who affirm that sin and wrongdoing must be banned from the novel or the short-story. She does not seriously repel those who do not believe that the mention of sin, when properly done, in a book is quite as bad as the commission of the sin in life. This may be said of Miss Cather's handling of unpleasant situations, that even in these she manifests the same restraint that is characteristic of her style.

In "The Professor's House," Miss Cather quite definitely showed an interest in things Catholic. In a short notice given to it, in October, 1925, I stated that "Catholic references throughout the book are sympathetic." That was, if anything, an under-estimation. Miss Cather showed an interest and a knowledge of things Catholic. Professor St. Peter is the son of a "practical, strong-willed Methodist mother," and of a "gentle, weaned-away Catholic father," a French-Canadian. He received, as he confessed, "*no* (author's italics) religious instruction at all," for "there was no Catholic church in our town in Kansas." Augusta, the devout German Catholic, learns of this from the Professor. "'That happens, in mixed marriages,' Augusta spoke meaningly." Later, Augusta explains to the Professor about the Litany of Our Lady and the Magnificat. Father Duchene, a missionary priest from Belgium, enters the book through Tom Outland, and he is the best kind of priest. The so-called *Christian Century*, in 1927, accused Miss Cather of idealizing this priest and all priests. It could not stomach a good word for any priest, much less this priest, whom the writer claimed to know. "He had the reputation of being a faithful priest and no scandal attached to his name, but he lived very frankly as a superior in the midst of despised inferiors." That is the full extent of the charge made against this priest by the anti-Catholic *Christian Century* staff member; and yet, he calls her idealization and her admiration of him "grotesque." The instance is given only to emphasize the Catholic direction of Miss Cather's work as far back as 1925.

In 1926, complaints were registered about the Catholic references in her book of that year, "My Mortal Enemy." These were from Catholics. One correspondent rejected the entire work because of some mistakes on the part of Miss Cather in describing Catholic ceremonies. Because she did introduce Catholicism so freely into her books, another correspondent became wildly indignant with Miss Cather because she did not make "the logical, personal step." Now such attitudes are as stupid as they are nonsensical. They are unfair and un-Catholic. I speak of them now because of Miss Cather's latest book, "Shadows on the Rock."

Not many words need be said about the two valiant priests in "Death Comes for the Archbishop." Miss

Cather is wholly on their side and thinks their thoughts and shares their spiritual life. The more intelligent Catholic press accepted the story enthusiastically, though with slight reservations. Others, of our Catholics seemed offended as much by the fact that Miss Cather, not being a Catholic, dared to presume to write a Catholic book as by the fact that she did not make every Catholic character a saint. They were impatient with her because she was not a Catholic in complete profession and practice.

Much has been written of "Shadows on the Rock" within the last two weeks. I shall not review it at this time. I shall content myself, merely, with saying that it is one of the most superb pieces of artistic writing that has been published this year, and that it is as wholly and as sincerely Catholic in detail and in tone as a well-educated Catholic could make it. Let it be accepted wholeheartedly and ungrudgingly, and let it be placed among the best Catholic books of our times.

## REVIEWS

**The End of the Ancient World.** By FERDINAND LOT. Translated by Philip and Mariette Leon. New York: Knopf. \$5.00.

Monsieur Lot offers another appraisal of the period of transition and transmission from the Ancient World to the beginning of the Middle Ages. In this, his contribution to the "History of Civilization" series, the author wishes to show that the breakdown of the Roman State in the fifth century was due to the lack of "institutions," resulting in the concentration of power in the hands of absolute and arbitrary rulers, and that three forces aggravated the decline, economic retrogression, the religious crisis and the recrudescence of barbarians. The author paints his picture with facile and clear strokes when treating of the economic phase and barbaric irruptions, but fails lamentably in his evaluation of the nature and influence of Christianity. To M. Lot, Christianity was an "Oriental superstition" which "brought to society no new legal or social idea" and which "consequently accepted without any opposition the institutions of the Roman State." When the Empire finally adopted Christianity Roman imperial organism contracted the fatal "internal malady of religion" which ultimately caused its downfall. For "science and philosophy were submerged in the torrent of religiosity coming from the East"; "ancient literature was condemned by the Church" and "Christian literature was still born." The "encumbrances of theology" substituted for Roman thought the arguments of Augustine, which are "puerile utterances" to be dismissed in five lines. This view of Christianity and its influence on Rome is unsound and would have been corrected had M. Lot consulted e.g. Augustine's profound analysis of conditions in his "City of God" or Salvian, "On the Government of God." But handicapped as he was by his neglect of valuable contemporary sources it is to be expected that the author conceives inevitable "Destiny" as the force which finally crushed the Empire. However, despite its superficial treatment of the religious element, this work is not without merit in those chapters where economic and social elements are presented for consideration.

D. E. P.

**Conflicting Penal Theories in Statutory Criminal Law.** By MABEL A. ELLIOTT, Ph.D. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. \$4.00.

**The Personality of Criminals.** By A. WARREN STEARNS, M.D. Boston: The Beacon Press, Inc. \$2.00.

**Battling the Crime Wave.** By HARRY ELMER BARNES, Ph.D. Boston: The Stratford Co. \$2.00.

These three are not companion volumes, though the three may be classified as additions to the field of Criminology. The first is a scholarly piece of research in Criminology. The author states

well the conflict between the Classical and the Positivist school and briefly outlines the history of each. She is a trifle hard on the adherents of "the punishment to suit the crime theory," forgetting that base politics in the court has forced the mandatory system on many legislatures. There follows an analysis of the penal legislation of thirteen typical states for the period 1900-1927. That the law has become more human and individualized is evident from the existence of much legislation on juvenile courts, probation, parole, indeterminate sentence, etc. The author ought to realize that not all Positivists deny "freedom of choice" on the part of the criminal. The work deserves the consideration not only of the criminologists and the penologist but every lawyer and social worker should read it. The book is armed with a rather selective bibliography and a handy index.

"The Personality of Criminals" is a brief treatise on the rather hazy question of personality by the Dean of the Medical School of Tufts University. It is not a piece of research nor the result of exhaustive study nor such does it pretend to be. After a rather weird chapter on the determinant of normal conduct saturated with evolutionary and naturalistic principles the author places in categories the non-conformist and criminals. A study of statistics taken from Charlestown State Prison follows, but the hand of the doctor and psychiatrist is seen in all of the case material chosen. A little lack of logic and sequence of thought and expression make the work difficult reading, and the constant comparison of man with animals is tiresome; but it is a contribution to the field and well worth going through. There is a personal touch to the work founded on years of experience, for the author has been Psychiatrist of Massachusetts State Prison and at present is Commissioner, Department of Correction for Massachusetts. There is a plea for a more sane view of the criminal and his treatment by the law and the public.

The last volume, "Battling the Crime Wave," is just one more product of the pen of Doctor Harry Elmer Barnes. The book is but a compilation of a busy columnist's every-day newspaper articles on the crime question. There is little originality except in the expression and that is at times unrestrained; for example, the plea for more prison riots. The author's false philosophy is to the fore in his denial of freedom to man and his plea for the sterilization of defectives, etc. Ephemeral matter that serves his philosophy and his purpose is quoted with great frequency.

R. A. G.

**The Russian Church.** By NICHOLAS BRIAN-CHANINOV. London: Burns, Oates, and Washburn, Ltd.

This slight volume of some 200 pages merits more notice than its modest appearance would bespeak. To return of the Russian people to the unity of the Faith depends, in no small measure, on the degree of intelligent sympathy shown to them by Western Catholics. Those, however, who have tried to show such understanding have been handicapped by the absence of any reliable history, from a Catholic point of view, of the Russian Church. We have been thrown back on Anglican writers, like W. H. Frere, unless we have had the patience to work through the masterly treatises of a Pierling and a Boudou, on the relations of Russia to the Holy See. (Father Tyszkiewicz' little Russian handbook does not appear to have been translated.) M. Brian-Chaninov not only outlines the history of the Russian Church, from the earliest evangelization to the present, but he disposes his matter so skilfully, and writes in so meaty, practiced a style, that his book may not unfairly be called a model piece of popular church history. The story is divided into nine headings handling the great topics around which most modern discussion has centered: the Evangelization of Russia; Byzantium and the Schism of the East; Russia and the Catholic World to the Fall of Byzantium; the Uniate Movement in South-West Russia; Monachism; Moscow—"Third Rome"; the Russian Church Under the Emperors, the Ruin of the "Third Rome" (by Bolshevism); and, finally, Liturgy and Church Music. There is also a bibliography. Perhaps the most interesting and original contributions are the author's notes on monachism and on the popular religious faith. What could be

stranger than the history of the monastery of Soloviet'sk, on the dreary northern sea; first founded as a retreat of utter solitude; then converted into an outpost of colonization and trading; then a military monastic fortress; and today the Tartarus of the inexorable Soviet Government? "The Russian Church" is a picture of its vast subject from the inside, by a loyal son of the Catholic Church who combines fine historic sense, warmth of love for his people and for all that is great and noble in their religious history, with entire frankness in telling the truth.

J. L. F.

**Population Problem.** By WARREN S. THOMPSON. New York: McGraw Hill Book Co. \$3.75.

Into this book which is well filled with charts and tables of statistics, and which fairly bulges with much data, Mr. Thompson has allowed errors of fact and of interpretation to creep. Like many writers outside the Church, he shows little knowledge of what the supernatural means, and if he envisages any future life for man, he gives little evidence of it in his book. If anything is clear from his position on birth-control, it is that he is entirely hemmed in by the world of the senses. We must, of course, be "scientific," and so "surely it is only scientific common sense to ask how it happens that the injunction of a tribal god issued some ages ago has any validity for man in the twentieth century in the Western world. . . . So far, then, as the attitude of the Church towards birth-control of population is predicated upon scriptural injunction, we are under no obligation to consider it seriously" (p. 410). It is quite unfortunate that a book so richly equipped with fact findings should show such bias and such lack of knowledge when matters of theology and ecclesiastical discipline are concerned. It is scientific to go to sources. Why then did Mr. Thompson not go to accredited Catholic scholars to find out that the Church's prohibition of contraception is in no least way due to a desire to be more numerous and more powerful than its rivals?

F. P. LEB.

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS

**Directories.**—A complete directory of the ancient and illustrious Order of St. Benedict is contained in "SS. Patriarchae Benedicti Familiae Confoederatae" for the year 1931, which is published by the Proto-Monastery of Subiaco, the monastery which claims the Patriarch of the Monks as its Founder. Every monastery, priory, and convent of the order throughout the world is listed in this comprehensive directory, with the names of all the religious. It is to be noted that the editor retains the ancient title of *conversi* for the lay brethren. Perhaps the average Catholic does not know that the religious orders have the privilege of claiming the Supreme Pontiff as their ultimate Superior *ex officio*. This will explain why, on the page facing the frontispiece of this interesting work of reference, His Holiness Pope Pius XI is named *Abbas abbatum Confoederati Ordinis S.P. Benedicti Protector*; for the Holy Father is, in virtue of his Pontifical Office a Benedictine, a Jesuit, a Carthusian, a Dominican, etc.

**Travel and Impressions.**—Carcassonne and the Basque country are the territory that Regina Jais covers in the entertaining travelogue which she entitles "Legendary France" (Dial Press. \$2.50). The volume runs through old country rich in history and folklore and much of this is included in the narrative. A good deal of the personal is also injected into the story, along with the small gossip of the people. In a territory so rich in Catholic traditions it is but natural that the author should touch upon many of them, such, for example, as the story of Joan of Arc, the Popes at Avignon, Basque religious festivals, Lourdes, etc. Generally they are handled with sympathy. The volume is hardly a guide book, but for the stay-at-home traveler it may be found diverting and a substitute for a trip he would like to make but cannot.

To the series "California" edited by John Russell McCarthy, the distinguished poet Edwin Markham contributes "Songs and

Stories" (Powell Publishing Company, \$5.00). It is an anthology from the writings of a long list of Californian authors, the editor understanding by a Californian "one who was born in California or else who was reborn in California." In the quarter of a century following the gold rush nearly 200 more volumes were written in California than in all the other States and territories west of the Mississippi. Even in 1929 the American Book Sellers Association asserted that eighteen per cent of all the books published in the United States were sold in California. What Emerson, Poe, Hawthorne, and their contemporaries were doing in the East, Bret Harte, Mark Twain, Joaquín Miller and, later, Ina Coolbrith, Charles Warren Stoddard, Ambrose Bierce, Jack London, Frank Norris, and numberless others, were doing in the West. Mr. Markham introduces his volume by a splendid summary glance at literary California. The selections themselves, however, are necessarily limited. Many a Californian will feel that his or her own favorite author or selection has been omitted to make room for someone or some passage not more distinguished but possibly having a more personal appeal for Mr. Markham. The make-up of the volume is enhanced by a series of fascinating illustrations from the pen of Virginia de S. Litchfield.

Impressions and comments made day by day in diary form on men and women, music, art, literature, politics, religion, the weather, and what-not makes up "The Fountain of Life" (Houghton, Mifflin, \$4.00), by Havelock Ellis. It is a re-issue in a single volume of his earlier three volumes, "Impressions and Comments." A marked cynicism characterizes many of the comments of the popular psychologist, and the naturalism for which he has become famous continually crops out. Possibly he writes best when musing on beautiful scenery or works of art, though he has an unhappy faculty of continually introducing in an utterly irrelevant way and after his own fashion, talk of sex or religion; talk, moreover, which is not always based on sound principles of morality.

**Books Received.**—This list is published, without recommendation, for the benefit of our readers. Some of the books will be reviewed in later issues.

- ANNALS OF TACITUS, THE. By Sidney J. Smith, S.J. 75c. Holy Cross College Press.  
 ANNALS OF THE CARMEL OF LORETO, THE. By Charles H. Schultz, LL.D. Times Tribune Co.  
 BROTHERS IN THE WEST. By Robert Reynolds. \$2.50. Harper.  
 CASE AGAINST BIRTH CONTROL, THE. By Edward Roberts Moore. \$2.50. Century.  
 CHALCEDON. By J. S. MacArthur, D.S. \$2.40. Macmillan.  
 COME, FOLLOW ME. By Rev. M. D. Forrest, M.S.C. Catholic Truth Society of Ireland.  
 CONTRIBUTION OF SOCIOLOGY TO SOCIAL WORK, THE. By Robert MacIver. \$2.00. Columbia University Press.  
 DOCTORS' ETIQUETTE. By Jean C. Isner. \$2.00. Published by the author.  
 "FORBID THEM NOT." A Prayerbook for Children. Compiled by Mrs. Conor Maguire. Catholic Truth Society of Ireland.  
 FUNDAMENTAL THEOLOGY, Vol. III. By Rev. John Brunsman, S.V.D. \$4.00. Herder.  
 HANDBOOK OF PALEONTOLOGY FOR BEGINNERS AND AMATEURS, Part I. The Fossils; Part II. The Formations. By Winifred Goldring. \$1.25 each volume. University of the State of New York.  
 HATTE'S CASTLE. By A. J. Cronin. \$2.50. Little, Brown.  
 HEALTH HORIZONS. Compiled by Jean Broadhurst, Ph.D., and Marion Olive Lerrigo, Ph.D. \$3.00. Silver, Burdett.  
 HOT NEWS. By Emile Gautreau. \$2.00. Macaulay.  
 HYDROSTATICS OF THE SUCTORIAL MOUTH OF THE LAMPREY. By T. Emmett Reynolds, S.J. 30c. University of California Press.  
 IDIOMA DE PUERTO RICO Y EL IDIOMA ESCOLAR DE PUERTO RICO, EL. By Epifanio Fernández Varona. Editorial Cantero Fernández.  
 LEGAL DISABILITIES OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN IRELAND. By M. J. Brown, D.D., D.C.L. Catholic Truth Society of Ireland.  
 LOVE'S A TALE. By George Alfred. \$1.50. Meador Publishing Co.  
 MAJOR EUROPEAN GOVERNMENTS. By P. Orman-Ray. \$2.80. Ginn.  
 MAKING OF MAN, THE. Edited by V. F. Calverton. 95c. Modern Library.  
 MODERN PROPHETS AND THE CHRISTIAN FAITH. By Cardinal MacRoray. Catholic Truth Society of Ireland.  
 MURDER BY FORMULA. By J. H. Wallis. \$2.00. Dutton.  
 OUR GODS ON TRIAL. By William Floyd. \$2.00. Arbitrator Press.  
 POLITICAL STATUS OF Bessarabia, THE. By Andrei Popovici, Ph.D. Georgetown University Press.  
 S. JEAN BERCHMANS. By Tony Severin, S.J. 35 fr. Museum Lesnium.  
 SAINT CATHERINE OF SIENA. By Alice Curtayne. \$1.50. Macmillan.  
 SOME NOTIONS ON THE STATE AND ITS INTERNATIONAL PHASES. By Leonidas Pitamic, LL.D. Georgetown University.  
 SYMBOLISM IN CHRISTIAN ART. By B. O'Daly, C.C. Catholic Truth Society of Ireland.  
 SYNGE AND ANGLO-IRISH LITERATURE. By Daniel Corkery. \$3.00. Longmans, Green.  
 UNITED MINE WORKERS OF AMERICA AS AN ECONOMIC AND SOCIAL FORCE IN THE ANTHRACITE TERRITORY. By Rev. William J. Walsh. Catholic University of America.  
 VERSES. By Barry Vail (John Barry Ryan). \$2.00. Scribner.  
 WHITE BIRD FLYING, A. By Bess Streeter Aldrich. \$2.00. Appleton.  
 WILL AMERICA BECOME CATHOLIC? By John F. Moore. \$2.00. Harper.

To the Victor. Murder by Formula. Unweave a Rainbow. The Little Town. The Dean's Elbow. The Polferry Riddle. Again Sanders.

Too many promising narratives fail surprisingly by becoming over-descriptive. Henry von Rhau in his War story, "To the Victor" (Longmans, \$2.00.) tells us too often about his hero whereas he might easily have allowed his dashing Baron to act the part for himself. The author's ability in writing the sustained and, at times, brilliant conversation of his characters is poorly balanced by the actual details of the story. It is a question of over-exerting a hero, and being forced to suppress the action of the story by too much fatal description.

At a meeting of an exhibits committee of the fictitious Aristoi Club of New York, the members discussed amongst themselves how, and in what manner, the perfect murder detection story should be built up. And according to his own hypothetical formula Mr. J. H. Wallis has written "Murder by Formula" (Dutton, \$2.00). Without divulging that formula, it may be said that three mysterious murders, ostensibly connected, follow each other in rapid sequence, only to be shown in the end to have had no other relation than a common motive on the part of the murderer. The author manages to keep his reader guessing until the most unexpected end. But the reader who halts where the publishers suggest his halting to record his own solution of the crimes, will find out at the conclusion how very far out from the true ending is his following of the clues; for the solution is very cleverly concealed.

"Unweave A Rainbow," by Edgar Johnson (Doubleday, \$2.00), is subtitled "A Sentimental Fantasy." The slight plot of the novel is a variant on the Pygmalion-Galatea theme: a neurotic writer falling in love with a girl whom his diseased imagination creates and endows with reality. In a final chapter, meant to be a terrific denouement, he realizes that she is a mere illusion. The book is absurdly sophisticated, its people impossibly brilliant, its style highly allusive. Three hundred pages of beautiful sentences, all about nothing in particular, that will leave the reader feeling somewhat doubtful of his own sanity.

A novel which cannot possibly attract any serious attention is frequently highly publicized. Such is the case of Heinrich Mann's "The Little Town" (Houghton, Mifflin, \$2.50). The scene of the novel is a little provincial village in Italy and the very obvious intention of the author is to portray in comic character the reaction of the townfolk to the sundry activities of a troupe of opera players. The book is blatantly pagan and as hopelessly untrue as the worst variety of realist can make it. It is also one of the most hopelessly physical books ever written. This reviewer cannot recommend a single redeeming feature.

A chemical formula worth millions, secret papers concealed in a battered old desk, a brilliant member of Parliament, a thick-headed detective, a beautiful girl plotting against her own father, all get involved in the plot of "The Dean's Elbow," by A. E. W. Mason (Doubleday, \$2.50). With twenty novels to his credit, Mr. Mason ought to be able to turn out a more interesting novel. His latest story is nothing to get excited about.

What would Scotland Yard do without the amateurs to help them out! In "The Polferry Riddle" (Doubleday, \$1.00) a very clever amateur is finally persuaded to help the Yard solve a baffling mystery. An apparently unsolvable murder is followed by two accidental deaths. The officials at the Yard are ready to close the case, but the author, Philip MacDonald, has the amateur, Anthony Gethryn, do some fairly keen thinking and the mystery is solved. The reader can have a pleasant hour or two of not too brain-fatiguing reading and he will not find the probabilities too greatly strained.

Edgar Wallace gives us more African stories in "Again Sanders" (Doubleday, \$1.00) wherein Lieutenant Tibbetts proves conclusively that he is rightly called "Bones" because of the escapades and scrapes into which he continually falls, much to the disgust of Commissioner Sanders and Captain Hamilton. Yet after all "Bones" is nobody's fool even though he "pulls a few raw ones."

## Communications

*Letters to ensure publication should not, as a rule, exceed 500 words. The editors are not responsible for opinions expressed in this department. No attention will be paid to anonymous communications.*

### A Profane Apologist

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Thoughts while strolling through your much appreciated magazine:

The too-frequent use of the terms *apology*, *apologetics*, *apologist* as applied to the defense of the doctrines of the Church. Not only inadequate, their use, but aggravating. They make me madder every time I see them. Can't we have them amputated?

The use of the term *profane*. When one considers the many beautiful and inspiring secular things that have been written, *profane* strikes a rather discordant note. Maybe you could include it, too, in the amputation proceedings.

In a recent issue a writer starts out by saying: "There is no good reason why Catholics and Protestants, Jews and religious indifferentists should regard one another with feelings of bitterness or hostility." And the article concludes with this paragraph: "We may and do respect the sincerity and goodness of men and women whose religious creed is not ours. But the creed itself Catholics do not and cannot respect. Good feeling based upon an untruth is not a fruit of true charity, but a most harmful delusion."

Perhaps I've misinterpreted that last paragraph, but my reaction was anything but favorable. No surer way could be found of arousing "feelings of bitterness and hostility" than by demanding respect of my creed from the other fellow while assuring him that I had no respect for his, for if he be sincere, his creed is just as sacred to him as mine is to me.

In the same issue, the article by The Pilgrim relating to lavish expenditure in the building of churches is one of the most timely, most vibrant articles appearing in AMERICA. I hope the sentiments expressed will be echoed and re-echoed until they become a chorus mighty enough to bring about not only proper consideration but action. What Catholic Action it might well be! Los Angeles. C. J. QUINN.

[The sincerity with which the "other fellow" holds his false doctrines entitles him to respect for his sincerity; it does not entitle false doctrines to respect.—Ed. AMERICA.]

### Where Are the Catholic Books?

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In this little town where I am living at present there is a library supported by the taxpayers of the town. This library is a complete, if not very elaborate affair, and, among other features, contains a religious section of books. Who selects them it would be hard to say. Few of them seem to have been the gifts of private persons. A chance visitor, however, would certainly be inclined to think they had been chosen by a group of Protestant ministers with a little help from a Hebrew rabbi and an elder of the Society of Friends. A careful search among about three hundred volumes resulted in the finding of one book by a Catholic and a short article in a volume entitled "Christian Reunion."

I may possibly have overlooked one or two books owing to their having been borrowed. But an almost similar situation exists in such towns as Great Barrington, Mass.; Danbury, Conn.; New Haven; Charlottesville, Va.; and Greenwich, Conn., for I have used the libraries in all of those towns and investigated. Chestnut Hill, Penn. and Yonkers, N. Y. are not quite as flagrant examples of prejudice and bigotry. But the former place boasts of the possession of works by McCabe, Achilli, and the infamous Foxe.

Certainly such a state of affairs is one against which every Catholic taxpayer should protest. Unless some action is taken the increasing use of public libraries by young people will have a terrible effect on the faith of Catholic children. Indeed one finds anti-Catholic propaganda in so unexpected a place as the genealogy room of the Astor-Tilden-Lenox library on Fourty-second

Street in New York City. Perhaps some other readers of your esteemed magazine might have come across similar incidents.

White Plains, N. Y.

JULIUS FRASCH.

### The Encyclicals in the Schools

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The article by the Rev. Joseph Reiner, S.J., in the issue of AMERICA for June 27, on "Teaching of Social Problems" was particularly apropos. One need but attempt to discuss present-day social problems with the average young person, either Catholic or non-Catholic, to realize the necessity for a more serious study of the teachings embodied in the two Encyclicals covered by Father Reiner's paper.

The writer heartily concurs with Father Reiner's recommendation for a more thorough study of social problems, especially from a Catholic standpoint, as a part of the daily curriculum in our high schools and colleges, because only in this way can this younger generation be made to properly understand the position of our Church and the rights of the average citizen in his daily struggle for existence.

Nothing short of continued agitation along this line will awaken our educators to the need for this constructive study, and I sincerely hope you will constantly insist on the advisability of adopting the Encyclicals of Popes Pius XI, Benedict XV, Pius X and Leo XIII, as a source of study by the students of our Catholic high schools, but more especially the institutions of higher learning. Louisville, Ky.

J. A. FUEGLEIN.

### Incense

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I should like to call to the attention of admirers of the late Katherine Tynan Hinkson that in addition to the appreciations which have already appeared in AMERICA and the *Commonweal*, they will find another very fine one in the June issue of *The Bookman* by C. E. Maguire, "Incense and Breath of Spice."

San Francisco.

M. P.

### Editor Becomes Missioner

To the Editor of AMERICA:

It happens so rarely that editors of mission magazines are sent as missionaries into the fields they have been publicizing through their papers that such an occasion might be interesting news to your readers. Just recently I received an appointment to labor in the Philippine Islands.

The Philippine Islands should constitute one of America's dearest mission fields. The Islands are under the American flag and consequently form a home mission. The work there is as unique as it is fertile. Ninety per cent of the 12,000,000 inhabitants of the Islands are nominally Catholic, the fruit of 300 years of energy and labor by the Spanish Padres. Shortly after the Spanish-American War nearly 1,000 of these Spanish priests departed from the Islands. It was intended that American priests should fill their places; but few American priests went over until the American Jesuits from the eastern United States entered Manila in 1921. They later took over the spiritual care of the greater part of the Island of Mindanao and of the leper colonies at Culion and Cebu.

It is to be regretted that in the absence of priests a large number of Filipinos fell away from the Faith; and the leakage is still great. The work is further complicated by Protestant activities among the Catholics of the Islands.

The American Jesuit missionaries, despite the meager cooperation of the bulk of American Catholics, are working strenuously to win the younger generation and are placing great faith and confidence in the parochial schools which some generous American benefactors are erecting and maintaining in the missions.

I will leave for this great field of labor late in August and expect to be at the headquarters of the Mindanao Mission at Cagayan, Misamis, Mindanao, P. I., early in October.

New York.

(REV.) JOSEPH REITH, S.J.

Associate Editor, Jesuit Missions.